

Scarronnides,

OR,

VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE

---

A MOCK-POEM,

On the

FIRST & FOURTH BOOKS

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNÆIS

*In English Burlesque.*

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Plin. Ep.

*Non minimum est insigniter ineptire.*

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L O N D O N :

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TO THE  
READER.

**T**HE Reader is desired,  
for the better comparing  
of the Latin and Eng-  
lish together, to read on for-  
ward unto the ensuing Letter of  
Direction, before he compare the  
former with the Original.



VIRGILE



# VIRGILE

## TRAVESTIE.

- (a) **I** *Sing the Man* (read it who list,  
A *Trojan* true as ever pist)
- (b) Who from *Troy Town*, by wind and weather  
To *Italy* (and God knows whither)  
Was packt, and wrackt, and lost, and tost,  
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Post.
- (c) Long wandred he through thick and thin,  
Half-roasted now, now wet to th' skin;  
By Sea and Land, by Day and Night;
- (d) Forc'd, as 'tis said, by the Gods spite:  
Although the wiser sort suppose
- (e) 'Twas by an old Grudge of *Juno's*,  
A Murrin curry all curst Wives!  
*He needs must go, the Devil drives.*
- (f) Much suffer'd he likewise in War,  
Many dry blows, and may a scar:

- 
- (a) *Arma virumque cano, (b) Trojæ qui primus ab oris  
Italiam fato profugus, Lavinaque venit  
Litora (c) multum ille & terris jactatus & alto*
- (d) *Vi Superum, ———*
- (e) *seva memorem Junonis ob iram*
- (f) *Multa quoque & bello passus, dum conderet urbem.*

Many a Rap, and much ado  
 At Quarter-Staff, and Cudgels too,  
 Before he could be quiet for 'um;  
 (Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'um)  
 But this same Yonker at the last,  
 (All Brawls and Squabbles over past)  
 And all these Rake-hells over-come,

(g) Did build a pretty Grange call'd Rome.

(i) But oh my Muse! put me in mind,  
 To which o'th' Gods was he unkind?

(k) Or what the Plague did *Juno* mean,  
 (That cross-grain'd, peevish, scolding Queen,  
 That scratching, cater-wawling Puss)

(l) To use an Honest Fellow thus?  
 (To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)

(m) Have Goddesses no better manners?

(n) A little Town there was of Old,  
 Thatcht with good Straw to keep out Cold,  
 Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)  
 Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd;

(o) The lustiest Carles all thereabouts,  
 Rich Chuffs and very sturdy Louts.

—(g) *atque alta mœnia Romæ*

(i) *Musa mihi causas memora; quo Numine læso:*

(k) *Quidvis dolens Regina Deum, (l) tot volvere casus  
 Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores*

*Impulerit? (m) tantane animis cœlestibus ira?*

(n) *Urbs antiqua fuit Tyrii tenere Coloni,  
 Carthago*—

—(o) *studiis asperrima belli*

(p) Now

# Book I. *Travestie.*

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(p) Now this same *Carthage* you must know,  
*Juno* did love out of all *whoe* :

There are alive that yet will swear it,  
 No Village like it, no place near it:

(q) Except a place (forsooth) that's famous  
 For her own Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos* ;  
 Here she her Trinkets kept, and odd things,  
 Her Needles, Poking-Sticks, and Bodkins ;  
 And here (in House which her own Key locks)

(r) She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.

This place then mainly pleas'd her humour :

(s) But she had heard a scurvy rumour ;  
 That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of *Chamlet*,  
 Should one day overthrow her *Hamlet* ;  
 Plunder her Chests, Joynt-Stools and Tables,  
 And burn her Cow-houses and Stables.

(t) She fearful of this sad Prediction,  
 (Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)

(u) And mindful of her injur'd Honour,  
 When *Paris* gave the Apple from her ;

(p) *Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam*

(q) *Posthabita coluisse Samo ; (r) heic illius arma,*  
*Heic curus fuit ;*

(s) *Progeniem sed enim Trojano a sanguine duci*  
*Audierat, Tyrias olim qua verteret arces.*

(t) *Id metuens,*

(u) *Necdum etiam causæ irarum, sævique dolores*  
*Exciderant animo ; manet alta mente repostum*

*Fudicium Paridis—*

Did many years bend her devotion,  
 To drown *Aeneas* on the Ocean ;  
 And many a slippery trick she play'd him,  
 Till *Jove* at last o're Sea convey'd him ;  
 (\*) So hard it is where an old Grutch is,  
 To get out of a Womans Clutches.

*Aeneas* had not been o'th' water  
 Above an hour, or such a matter ;  
 Nor further row'd, then we may rate  
 'Twixt *Parsons-Dock* and *Billingsgate*,  
 Or say betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,

(x) When *Juno* (full of her old malice)  
 Thus with her self began to mutter,  
 Cannot I drown these Crows i'th' Gutter ?  
 Must they go on, fearing no Colours ?  
 And cannot I squander their Scullers ?  
 Must these same *Trojan* Rascals nose me,  
 (y) Because the *Fates* (forsooth) oppose me ?  
 (z) *Pallas* could burn Wherries, and Gallies,  
 And clatter *Mortals* Bones like Tallies :

(a) But I, *Jove's* Sister, and his Wife,  
 Can do no mischief for my life.

(\*) *Tanta molis erat Romanam condere gentem  
 Vix e conspectu Siculae telluris in altum*

*Vela dabant lati, & spumas salis aere ruebant ;*

(x) *Cum Juno aeternum servans sub pectore vulnus,  
 Hac secum ; Menē incepto desistere victam ?*

(y) *Quippe vetor satis !* (z) *Pallasne exurere classem  
 Argivum potuit ?* —

(a) *Ast ego, qua Divum incedo Regina, Jovisque  
 Et soror, & Conjux, una cum gente tot annos  
 Bella gero* —

(b) *Junii*

# Book I. *Travestie.*

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(b) *Juno* enrag'd, and fretting thus,

(c) Runs me unto one *Aeolus* :

This *Aeolus*, as Stories tell us,  
 Could backward blow like a Smiths Bellows ;  
 A Day, a Week, a Month together,  
 And by his farting, make foul weather ;  
 Blow Men, and Trees, and Houses down ;  
 Great Ships, and almost Fishes drown.  
 He was, *in fine*, the loud'st of Farters ;  
 Yet could command his hinder quarters,  
 Correct his Tail, and only blow,  
 If there occasion were, or so :

(d) Whom *Jove* observing to be so stern,  
 In the wise conduct of his Postern,  
 He made him King of all the Puffers,  
 Which he (because he knew them Huffers)  
 Durst no where venture, I must tell ye,  
 But in the Caverns of his Belly ;  
 Which having but one Postern-Gate  
 For these mad Boys to sally at,  
 He might the faster peg them in,  
 And by the plucking out a Pin,  
 Then (at his ease) *Arising* about,  
 To any Quarter, let them out.

(b) *Talia flammato secum Dea corde voluntans,*

(c) *Aeoliam venit : heic vasto Rex Aeolus antro*  
*fulanteis ventos tempestatesque sonoras*  
*imperio premit.* —

(d) *Sed Pater omnipotens* —

— *regemque dedit, qui sadere certo*  
*is premere, & laxas sciret dare jussus habenas*

Δ 4

(e) To

(e) To this same King, Queen Juno posted,  
And thus in flatt'ring terms accosted.

(f) Thou mighty King, whose potent sway  
The Lawless Bluff'ers do obey;  
Whose nod the stubborn'ft winds do dread;  
(Even although in Scotland bred.)

Thou, whose unruly Empire reaches  
As far as the wide Compass stretches,  
Hear a poor Queens Request; and say  
Thou'lt do't ; For I must have no Nay.

(g) There are a few Tatter-de-mallions  
That (with a Pox) would be *Italians*,  
And into *Latium* now are going,  
With Oar, and Sculls, tugging and rowing :  
A Crew of drunken roaring Ruffins,  
Lewd, wandring, sturdy Ragamuffins ;  
Rascals, I hate, as I do Garlick,  
And yet the Rogues are stout and warlike :  
(b) If therefore, thou wilt smoak these Roysters,  
And sowse them all, like pickl'd Oysters,

(e) *Ad quem tum Juno supplex his vocibus usa est :*

(f) *Æole (namque tibi Divum pater atque hominum Rex  
Et mulcere dedit fluctus & tollere ventos)*

(g) *Gens inimica mihi Tyrrheum navigat aquor,  
Ilium in Italium portans*

(h) *Incute vim ventis, submersasque obrue puppes,  
Aut age diversas, & disjice corpora ponto.*

*Sunt mihi bis septem præstanti corpore Nymphæ :  
Quarum, qua forma pulcherrima, Deiopeiam  
Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo.*

There



There is a pretty Maid of mine,  
called *Die*, shall be thy Concubine.

*Æolus* hearkned to this Story,  
With no small Pride, no little Glory ;  
To have a Queen so gay and trim,  
Come to request a Boon of him !

But th' *Wench*, i'th' tail of the Preamble,  
Oh that ! That made his Bowels wamble,  
And Wind you know (under Correction)  
is a main Causer of Erection)

He, listning stood, wrigling, and scraping,  
But durst not bow, for fear of scaping;  
Until at last, with Cap in hand Sir,

(i) He thus return'd with modest Answer.

O Queen (quoth he) my thanks are real,  
That you will use your Servant *Æol* :

And should I not pay your Civility,  
To th' utmost of my poor Ability,  
Who are great *Joves* Sister and Wife,  
It were e'en pity of my Life :

I'll play these Rake-hells such a Hunts up,  
As were they shee's would turn their——up.

Say you no more, the thing is done ;

I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mothers Son.

But since your Grace is nice of smelling,

I wish you were at your own dwelling ;

---

(i) *Æolus hæc contra : Tuus o Regina quod opes  
Explorare labor, mihi jussa capescere fas est,  
Tu mihi quodcumque hoc regni, tu sceptræ Jovemque  
Concilias*——



There's Reason for't (saving your favour  
For truly (Madam) I shall favour,  
But I beseech your Grace, in no wise  
Forget the *Woman*, that you promise.

*Juno* at that, away does go

As swift as Arrow out of Bow,  
And in less while, than I am speaking,

\* *Mons Sa-*  
*lapientis.*

Was got as high, as top of \* *Reking* :  
No bigger now than School-boys Kite,  
And now clean vanisht out of sight.

*Aeol*, who all this while stood gaping,  
Ather fine Peacocks gawdy-trapping,  
Seeing her mount *Olympus* Stair-case,  
Began t'untruffs to ease his Carcase.

Twice belcht he loud from lungs of leather,  
To call his roaring Troops together :

And twice (as who should say, we come)

They roar'd i'th' concave of his Womb :

(k) With that he turns his Buttock Seaward,

And with a Gibing kind of Nay word ;

Quoth he, blind Harpers, have among ye ;

'Tis Ten to One but I bedung ye.

At that same word, lifting one Leg,

And pulling out his trusty Peg :

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(k) *Hæc ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem  
Impulit in laeas, ac versi, velut agmine sacro,  
Qua data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.  
Incubere mari, totumque a sedibus imis.*

(1) He let at once his General Muster  
 All that e're could blow, or bluster;  
 And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel,  
 Let not one puff to cool his Gruel.  
 Have you not seen below the Sphear,  
 Mortal Drink call'd Bottle-Beer,  
 Flow, by the Tapster when the Stopple  
 Ravish't from the teeming Bottle,  
 Bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,  
 As it were troubled with the squitters?  
 Even so, when *Aeol* pluckt the plugg  
 From th' Muzzle of his double Jugg,  
 The Winds burst out with such a rattle,  
 As he had broke the Strings that twattle.  
 Bounce cryes the Port-hole, out they flie,  
 And make the W'orld dance *Barnaby*;  
 Throughout the Seas, and Coasts they wander,  
 The *Boreas* was their chief Commander;  
 Huffing Jack, a plund'ring Tearer,  
 Vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.  
 This Fellow, and his boist'rous Rout,  
 Finds me o'th' Sea, the *Trojans* out.  
*Aneas*, and his wandring Mates  
 Were, at that time, angling for *Sprats*;

*Anna Eurufque Notuique ruunt, creberque procellis  
 Africus, & vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus,  
 Insequitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentum.  
 Eripiunt subito nubes caelumque diemque  
 Teucrorum ex oculis, ponto nox incubat atra.  
 Insonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus aether,  
 Praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.*

Think:

Thinking no harm, no more than we do,  
 (For all was fine and fair to see to)  
 When all o'th' sudden ; who would think it !  
 (By this good drink, I mean to drink it !  
 It grew so dark, that wanting light,  
 They could not feel the Fishes bite ;  
 And strait e're one could say, What's this ?  
 The Winds began to howl and hiss,  
 And in the turning of a hand Sir,  
 They grew so big, one could not stand Sir.  
 Then followed Rain, Lightning, and Thund  
 As the whole World would flie afunder.

\* By the  
 Light-  
 ning.

*Aeneas*, hearing the Winds threatning,  
 And \* seeing monstrous Billows beating,  
 Knowing they purpos'd to dispatch him,  
 And that the *Haddock*s watcht to catch him,

(*m*) Fell presently in a cold sweat,  
 So sick he could not drink nor eat ;  
 'Twas all the World to Twenty Pound,  
 He had not fall'n into a Swound ;  
 But by *Jove*s favour being blest,  
 With Gut's in's head above the rest ;  
 Like to a cunning Chapman, he  
 Made Virtue of Necessity,  
 And in the midst of all Despairs,  
 Thought it his best to fall to Pray'rs ;

(*n*) With woful heart, and blubber'd eyes,  
 Lifting his *Mutton fists* to th' skies,

(*m*) *Extemplo Aeneæ solvuntur frigore membra :*

(*n*) *Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas  
 Talia voce refert ;*

Therefore pray'd, O *Jupiter*,  
 Either hear now, or never hear;  
 Now, now, thy Trusty *Trojans* cherish,  
 Help now, or never, else we perish.

(o) Could not *Tydidēs* at *Troy Town*  
 Would he be hang'd, once knock me down?  
 For yet the merry *Greek Achilles*,  
 When he kill'd lusty *Hector*, kill *These*?  
 And must we now be sent for *Dishes*,  
 To *Sharks*, and such like greedy *Fishes*?

(p) Thus went he on with his *Orisons*,  
 Which if you mark them well were wise ones,  
 Now praying, now expostulating;  
 But he might e'n have held his prating;  
 For *Jove* if he had been more near him,  
 The noise was such, could no ways hear him:

(q) The winds grew lowder still and lowder,  
 And play'd their *Gambals* with a *Powder*;  
 Then, then indeed began the *pudder*,  
 Here an *Oak* broke, and there a *Rudder*;  
 Here a *Boat* kicking on the *Surges*,  
 And there one sinking in a *Gruges*.

—(o) O *Danaum fortissime gentis*  
*Tydidē, Mene Iliacis occumbere campis*  
*Non potuisse, tuæque animam banc effundere dextra?*  
*Sevus ubi Æacidæ velo jacer Hector*——

(p) *Talia juctanti, (q) stridens Aquilone procella*  
*Velum adversa feris, fluctusque ad sidera tollis.*  
*Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, & undis*  
*Dat locus;*

(r) Three

(r) Three Boats a Wind, call'd *Notus* Ruffels,  
Upon a paltry Bed of Muffels,

(s) And three did roaring *Eurus* dable ye,  
In Quick-sands deep most lamentably.

(t) One Wherry that the *Lycians* carried,  
And one *Orontes* never married,  
Was just about the time of Dinner,  
O're-whelm'd, and all the men within her.  
*Orontes*, though he was confounded,  
Yet very loth to be thus drown'd;  
Did all he could with might and main,  
To have swom back to Land again.  
His skill he to the tryal puts,  
But could not do it for his Guts:  
And therefore was souc't up for *Cod-fish*;  
(I doubt he prov'd but very odd-fish.)

(u) Now might you see the *Trojans* trimming  
Upon the foaming Billows swimming:  
Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers, with their Benches,  
Floating amongst the Rowling Trenches;

(r) *Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet.*

———(s) *Tres Euris ab alto  
In Brevia & Syrtis turget, (miserabile visu)*

(t) *Unam, qua Lycios, fidumque vehebat Orontem,  
Ipsius ante oculos, ingens a vertice Pontus  
In puppim ferit, Excusitur, pronusque Magister  
Voluitur in caput. Ast illum ter fluctus ibidem  
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus verat aequore vortex.*

(u) *Apparent vari nantes in gurgite vasto,  
Arma virum tabulaque & Troja gaza per undas.*

Hats, Caps, and Cassocks, Bands, and Ruffs,  
 (Indeed I think they wore no Cuffs)  
 Balk-Staves and Cudgels, Pikes and Truncheons,  
 Brown-bread & cheese that swam by luncheons  
 With Treasure past all mortal matching,  
 That any man might have for fetching.

\*) In the mean time, this hurly-burly,  
 That still increas'd more loud and furly,  
 Rous'd Neptune with the strange Commotion,  
 Who liv'd i' th' bottom of the Ocean.

This Neptune was of old a Fisher,  
 And to *Aeneas* a Well-wisher:  
 Cause on a time, *Venus*, that bore him,  
 Spoke a good word t' her Father for him,  
 And made him for his good Conditions,  
 King over all his Pools, and Fish-Ponds.

This Blade, when first he heard the Sea ring,  
 Was pickling Pilchards, Sprats, and Herring:  
 But at the noise he throws his Tray,  
 Fishes, and Salt, and all away.

And taking up his three fork't Trout-spear,  
 (x) Hey, hey (quoth he) what a brave rout's here!

(+) *Interea magno misceri murmure Pontum,  
 Emissamque Hiemem (ensit Neptunus, & imh  
 diagna refusa vadis.*

— (x) *Graviter, commotus & alto  
 Prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.  
 Duxerunt Aeneæ toto videt aequore Classem,  
 Fluctibus oppressos Troas cœlique ruina  
 Nec latens dolus fratrem Junonis & ire.*

Under



Under his Arms he had two Bladders,  
 By which he mounted without Ladders,  
 And thrusting's head above the water,  
 Says, What a vengeance ho's the matter ?  
 Then seeing round how things were vary'd,  
 And how the *Trojans* had miscarry'd ;  
 He strait began to smell a Rat,  
 And soon perceiv'd what they'd be at ;  
 For he knew all *Juno's* contriving,  
 And spite as well as any living.

Have you not seen upon a River  
 A Water-dog, that is a Diver ;  
 Bring out his Mallard, and est-foons  
 Be-shake his shaggy Pantaloon's ?  
 So *Neptune* when he first appears,  
 Shakes the salt Liquor from his ears,  
 And made the winds themselves to doubt him,  
 He threw the water so about him,  
 Vext at the Plucks to see this clutter,  
 He scarce could speak but spurt and sputter ;

(y) Till beck'ning *Zephyrus*, and *Eurus*,  
 He thus began in Language furious.  
 How durst you Rogues take the opinion  
 To vapor here in my Dominion,

---

(y) *Eurum ad se Zephyrumque vocat, debinc talia satur-*  
*Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri,*  
*Fam calum Terramque meo sine Numine, Veni*  
*Miscere, & tantas audetis tollere moles ?*  
*Quis ego ; ---- sed moros praestas componere Fluctus ;*  
*Possit mihi non simili poena commissa luctis,*

Without



Without my leave, and make a lurry,  
That Men cannot be quiet for ye!  
Rascals I shall!—But well! go to,  
I now have something else to do :  
If'er again I catch you creaking  
'Tis ods I spoil your Bagpipes squeaking.

(z) And Sirrah, you there: Goodman *\*Blaster*, *\*Speak-*  
Go tell that farting Fool your Master, *ing to*  
That such a whistling scab as he, *Boreas*  
Was ne'r cut out to rule the Sea ; *himself.*

(a) But that it to my Empire fell ;  
Bid him go vapour in his Cell ;  
There let him puff and domineer,  
But make no more such foisting here :  
And for what's past (if my aim miss not)  
I'll teach him fizzle in my Pifs-pot.

(b) Scarce had he bubbled out his Sentence,  
But that they fled to shew repentance,  
And he that erst had made a din most,  
Now cry'd, The Devil take the hindmost.  
Even as a flock of Geese do flutter,  
When crafty *Reynard* comes to supper :  
So nimbly flew away these Scoundrels,  
Glad they had scap'd, and sav'd their poundrels.

(z) *Maturate Fugam, Regique hac dicite vestro ;*  
*Non illi Imperium pelagi*——

(a) *Sed mihi sorte datum. Teneat ille immania saxa,*  
*Vestras Eure domos. Illa se jactet in Aula*  
*Æolus, & clauso ventorum carcere regnet.*

(b) *Sic ait, & dicto citius tumida æquora placat.*

B

(c) Now

(c) Now all was fair again and frolick,  
 The Sea no more troubled with Cholick,  
 The Sun shone bright, as on a *May-day*;  
 Had there been Grass, one might have made hay:  
 But yet some Boats stuck on the Flats,  
 Their Men all dasht like water Rats;  
 Neptune at that his speed redoubles,  
 To ease them of their peck of Troubles!  
 He thrust his *Muck-fork* in two faddom,  
 Betwixt the Boats and that that staid 'um,  
 And lifted them shier off as clever,  
 As he had had a Crow or Leaver:  
 Now Sirs (quoth he) you may go forward.  
 And row, East, West, or South, or Norward.  
 If the Rogues come again, I'll swill 'um;  
 I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium*;  
 And you *Aeneas* and your Men,  
 If e'r you come this way agen,  
 I hope you'll call, or I'll be sorry,  
 I'll have a dish of Lobsters for ye.  
*Aeneas* who was gentle-hearted,  
 Scrap'd him a leg, and so they parted.  
 They take their Sculls again and ply 'um,  
 Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'um:  
 Away they cut as swift as Swallows,  
 Plowing the Sea, as Men do Fallows;

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(c) *Collestaque fugat nubes, solemque reducit,  
 Chymothoe simul & Triton adnixus acuto  
 Detrudunt navis scopulo; levat ipse Tridensi,  
 Et vastas aperis Syrteis & semperat aquor.*

Till e're a Man could well tell Ten,  
Or go to th' door and back agen,

(d) They all as plainly saw the other  
ay: Side, as we now see one another :

Then there old tugging was, and pulling ;  
Never such plying and such sculling ;  
They whoop'd and sung gladder and gladder ;  
I think March-hares were never madder.  
At last, all dangers notwithstanding,

(e) They came unto a place of Landing ;  
A pair of Stairs they found, not big Stairs ;  
Just such another pair as *Trigg-Stairs* :  
Not made for Watermen but Women  
rd. That use to come and wash their Linnen :  
There was old striving then and thrusting,  
Which with their Sculler should get first in.  
Sirs ( quoth *Aeneas* ) shew some breeding,  
Let's have no more haste than good speedihg ;  
Have patience Gentles, I implore ye,  
And let your Betters go before ye.  
With that they all gave place, and reason,  
It else had been no less than Treason ;

---

(d) *Quæ proxima littora cursu  
Contendunt petere.*

(e) *Est in successu longo locus ; Insula portum  
Efficit objectu laterum quibus omnis ab alto  
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.*

Till

B a

(f) Whilest

(f) Whilest our *Aneas* at two leapings,  
Set the first foot upon the steppings;  
Then all the rest came in a bundle,  
As they would burst each others Trundle:  
Weary they were, the Wind had douc't 'um.  
And so they sate 'um down, and lows'd 'um.

(g) After a while, a Fellow knocks  
Fire, with a Steel and Tinder-box.  
For each Man had his Flint and Touchwood,  
The World besides could shew no such wood;  
Then Sticks they gather, Leaves and Bryers,  
And fall a making them good Fires;  
Then Skellets, Pans, and Posnets put on  
To make them Porridge without Mutton.

(h) In the mean time *Aneas* got him  
Up to a Hill, to look about him,  
And as he there a while stood gazing,

(i) He saw some sheep below him grazing.

———(t) *Aeneas collectis navibus omni*  
*Ex numero subit; ac magno telluris amore*  
*Egredi optata Troes potiuntur arena,*  
*Et sale tabentes arvis in littore ponunt.*

(g) *Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates.*  
*Suscepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum*  
*Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in somite flammam.*  
*Tum Cererem corruptam undis, Cerealiaque arma*  
*Expediunt, fessi rerum, frugesque receptas*  
*Et torrere parant flammis, & frangere saxo*

(h) *Aeneas scopulum interea conscendit, & omnem*  
*Prospexit lato pelago petit.*

———(i) *Tres littore cervis*  
*Prospicit Errantes* —

(k) O

(k) O ho, quoth he, I'll soon be wy'ye,  
Besworn I'm glad at heart to see ye.

This said, away my Youth does go,  
And fetches strait a good Yew Bow,  
His Arrows under's Belt he sticks too,  
(For he could shoot at Butts and Pricks too)  
His Head he put a good Steel Cap on,  
Because he knew not what might happen:  
And thus as if he went to battle,  
He goes to murder poor Mens Cattle.

(l) His Arrow in the String he nocks,  
And shoots among the harmless Flocks;  
These prov'd at chance to be the fairest,  
But he still shot at that was nearest.

(m) Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,  
The other shots he made, were short all:  
These to his hungry Mates he luries,  
(Pray what's his due that Mutton worries?)

(n) Here Lads, quoth he, here's sides & haunches,  
Fall too, and fill your empty paunches.

Scarce had he made an end of boasting,  
(o) But some to boiling fell, some roasting;

(k) *Constitit hic, Arceumque manu, scelereque sagittas,*

(l) *Ductoresque ipsos, primum capita alta ferentes  
Cornibus arboreis sternit.*

(m) *Nec prius abstulit quam septem ingenia victor  
Corpora fundit humi.*

(n) ——— *Et socios patitur in omnes.*

(o) *Pars in frustra secant, verubusque irementia figunt,  
Littore aliena locant alii, flammæque ministrant.*

'Twas soon enough, and to't they fall,  
 They eat up Mutton, guts and all;  
 Yet scarce could satisfie their hungers,  
 These *Trojans* were such Mutton-mongers.

(p) There was by chance a *stoop* of *Liquor*,  
 Cork't up in Bottles made of Wicker,  
 Given by my Hostess, I conceive,  
 When first *Aneas* took his leave:  
 This drink (to make their Feast the fuller)  
*Aneas* fetcht out of his Sculler,  
 And like a Man had something in him,  
 Gave it as free as e'r twas gi'n him:  
 Himself a dish he first pour'd out,  
 For fear it would not go about;  
 Then stroaking up his whiskers greasie,  
 He thus begins in words most easie.

(q) Here Lads, have at ye, and be merry,  
 W' are got at last safe o're the Ferry;  
 And though w'ave had but angry work, yet  
 Let's make the best of a bad Market:  
 To day let's drink, and hang to morrow,  
 A grain of mirth's worth pounds of sorrow;

(p) *Vina bonus quæ deinde cadis onorarat Acestes  
 Littore Minacrio, dederatque abuentibus, Heres  
 Dividit, & dictis mærentia pectora vulcet.*

(q) *O socii (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum)  
 O passi graviora, Dabit Deus his quoque finem:  
 Vos & Scyllæam rabiem, penitusque sonantes  
 Accestitis scopulos; vos & Cyclopea saxa  
 Experti* ———



( r ) Be blith and jolly then, as may be,  
Faint heart, you know, ne'r wonfair Lady :  
VVhat though a while we fare but hardly,  
Yet in the end does our reward lie :  
VVe shall have Houses, Lands, and Doxies,  
VVith dainty Patches, where no Pox is :  
And t~~h~~en all this that seems t'undo us,  
VWill be but sport and pastime to us.

( s ) Thus did this subtile Fornicator  
Set a good Face on a bad matter ;  
As who would make 'em understand  
How pretty a Fellow he was on's hand ,  
VWhen I ( for all's brave n' alls ) must tell ye,  
His heart then panted in his belly,

( t ) Down glides his Ale over his pallat,  
As glib as't had been Oyl of Sallet ;  
And all the rest in their due order  
Quaff'd till their drink would go no further.

( u ) Now having spent their drink and vittles  
They rise, and wipe their greasie *Thwittles*,

————— ( r ) *Revocate animos maestumque timorem*  
*Mittite ; forsan & hac olim meminisse juvabit*  
*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,*  
*Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas*  
*Ostendunt.*

( s ) *Italia voce refert, curisque ingentibus aeger,*  
*Spem vultu simulat ; premit altum corde dolorem.*

( t ) *Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinae.*

( u ) *Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensaque remota,*  
*Amisissos longo socios sermone requirunt.*



And stroaking them began to mind 'um  
 Of those were left at Sea behind 'um :  
 With that *Aneas* made a motion  
 To climb the Hills, and look on th' Ocean,  
 If from the Cliffs, and Promontories,  
 They might espy their Fellow Tories ;  
 At that they went, some this, some that way,  
 Some went not far, and some a great way ;  
 Some whoopt, some hallow'd, and some shouted,  
 (x) Some thought 'um safe, and others doubted,  
 Some laid their ears to ground in cunning,  
 To list if they could hear 'um coming ;  
 But all in vain, for none could spie 'um,  
 They fear'd their friends, for none was ny 'um.  
 At last by general Approbation,  
 They laid 'um down, as was the fashion,  
 And slept, being tyr'd with pains and feasting ;  
 When Belly's full, Bones will be resting.

Asleep they lie snorting and snoring,  
 With such a noise as made the shore ring,  
 Or such a din as Dogs do utter,  
 When they by night together clutter ;  
 Snarling and swearing in lewd fashion,  
 For Bitch of evil Conversation :

(y) When *Jove*, who was belike at leisure,  
 Walking, or for his health, or pleasure,

(x) *Spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,  
 Sive extrema pati ;*

—— (y) *Cum Jupiter aethere summo  
 Despiciens mare velivolum terrasque jacentes,  
 Littoraque* ——

looking about on ev'ry side him,  
(c) O th' *Lybian* Coasts at last espy'd them,  
and said in merry kind of Japing,  
Indeed Sirs, have I ta'en you Napping?  
scarce had he spoke, when all oth' sudden,  
Whilest he was on the *Trojans* stud'ing;  
Who should come there to her duty,  
but *Venus* that was Queen of beauty!

\* This *Venus* without counterfetting,  
Was a fine Lads on's own begetting,  
Thou ne'r saw'st prettier in thy life,  
Although he had her not by's Wife,  
but by a Fish-wench he was kind to,  
and so she came in at the window:

\* See  
*Servius*  
upon  
*Virgil.*

Now *Venus* was *Anea's* Mother,  
And him she had by such another  
Royster as *Jove* was, when on Groundsel,  
He firkt her Mothers privy Council;  
in the behalf then of her By-blow,  
Which had endured many a dry-blow:  
(a) She weeping came, sighing and throbbing,  
And hardly could she speak for sobbing:  
Until at last, with a fine Linning  
Wrought round with blue, of her own spinning  
Wiping her face from tears and snivil,  
She thus began in words most civil.

---

(z) & *Lybia defixit lumina Regnis.*  
(a) *Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas*  
*Tristior & lacrymis oculos suffusa nitentes*  
*Alloquitur Venus.*

(b) O thou, of Gods, and Men, the King,  
 That canst do any kind of thing;  
 That past their wits doth Mortals frighten,  
 When thou or thunder dost, or lighten;  
 VVhat could *Aeneas* do to thee?  
 VVho car'st a fart for no body:

(c) Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done  
 That thus they still must fools be made on,  
 And that thou wilt for no persuasions  
 Let them go follow their occasions?

(d) I'm sure you promis'd me, and swore it  
 (Ev'n let who can forgive you for it)  
 That you would make 'em, This, and That,  
 Kings, Captains, and I know not what;  
 And that out of your bounteous Givings,  
 They should have all both Lands and Livings,  
 And all live well in *Italy*:  
 But I perceive 'twas all a Lye.

(e) *Jove* stroaking up his great Mustachoes,  
 Smil'd for to see her so outrageous;  
 For had she broke a Pot or Platter,  
 He could not well be angry at her,

(b) O qui Res hominumque Deumque  
*Aeternis* regis Imperiis, & fulmine terras;

( Quid Troes potuere? quibus tot funera passis  
 Cunctus ob *Italiam* terrarum clauditur Orbis?

(d) Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis.  
 Hinc fore ductores, revocato a sanguine Teucri.

Qui mare qui terras omni ditione tenerent,  
 Pollicitus. Quae te Genitor sententia vertit?

(e) Olli subridens hominum sator atque Deorum.

He lov'd her so, 'tis too common,  
Either in Man, or else in Woman;  
Their Bastards they will clip and kiss ye,  
More dearly than their lawful Issue.

(f) *Jove* looking then most sweetly at her,  
(For she had made his Mouth to water)  
Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her  
A Kiss of a lascivious flavor.

(g) My pretty Wench, quoth he, I prethee,  
Let's have no more such puling with thee:

All shall be well enough, ne'r fear it;  
And by my Beard once more I swear it,  
Thy Son *Aeneas*, thou dost doubt so,  
Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout so,  
Shall be a King, or Prince at least;  
I speak in earnest, not in jest.

With that he whistled out most plainly,  
You might have heard his Fist as plainly  
From one side of the Sky to th'other,  
As you and I hear one another.

Thrice whistled he, when by and by,  
Out came his Foot-boy *Mercury*,  
And askt him without more ado,  
What 'twas he whistled for, and who?

(f) *Vultu quo Cælum, Tempestatesque serenat,  
Oscula libavit Gnata; de hinc talia satur.*

(g) *Parce metu Cytherea; manent immota tuorum  
Fata tibi. Cernes urbem, & promissa Lavini  
Mænia, sublimemque feres ad sidera cæli  
Magnanimum Æneam.*

This

This *Merc'ry* you must understand Sir,  
 Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer :  
 A nimble Rascal, and a Dapper,  
 Full desfly could he cut a Caper,  
 \*Dance, run, and leap, frisk and curvet,  
 Tumble, and do the *Sommerfet* ;  
 And fly with artificial Wings,  
 Ty'd to his head and heels with strings :  
 'Twas he first taught to fly i'th' Air,  
 As we have seen at *Bartle Fair* ;  
 A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,  
 And one that well could say his Errant :  
 An exc'lent Servant, in plain dealing,  
 But that he was inclin'd to stealing.

\* See  
*Plaut. in*  
*Amphytr.*

(b) Sirrah, quoth *Jove*, go take your Pumps,  
 And haste to *Carthage*, stir your stumps ;  
 And as thou art a cunning Prater,  
 Play me the fine Insinuator :  
*Dido* and all her *Carthaginians*,  
 Possess throughout with kind opinions,  
 Of the poor *Trojans*, lest Queen *Dido*,  
 Not knowing things so well as I do,  
 Should shew 'um all a Trick of *Pass-pass*,  
 And chance t'indict them for a Trespass.  
 Away he flies sans further speech,  
 As he had had a Squib in's breech ;

---

(h) *Hæc ait, & Mæja genitum demittit ab alto,  
 Ut terræ, utque nova pateant Carthaginis arces  
 Hospitio Teucris, ne fati nescia Dido  
 Finibus arceret. Volat ille per aera magnum  
 Remigio Alarum, & Libyæ citus astijit oris.*

And

And suddenly without discerning,

(i) Set all the *Trojans* Bowels yearning,  
Dido for her part, swore a *Trojan*  
Should do the Feat for her, or no Man.

Mean while the *Trojans* slept at ease,  
Unless sometimes bit by white Fleas,  
Their soft repose in quiet taking.

(k) Onely *Aeneas* he was waking ;  
Who whilest the night was dark and o'er-cast,  
Like one that had an excellent forecast,  
Lay thinking now his Guts grew limber,  
How they might get more *Belly-timber* :  
No sooner the Light first came creeping,  
But that he cry'd, Ah Fool ! art peeping ?  
And up he starts to go a stealing,  
Ether a Mutt'ning or a Vealing ;  
And yet he thought, being a Stranger,  
To go alone might be some danger ;

(l) Therefore he deem'd it not amiss  
To call a Trusty Friend of his ;  
And that he might go on the bolder,  
He laid a Two-hand Bat on's shoulder.

Thus going then abroad for Food,

(m) He meets his Mother in a Wood ;

———— (i) *Ponuntque ferocia Pœni*  
*corda, volente Deo ; imprimis Regina quietum*  
*Accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.*

(k) *At pius Æneas, per noctem plurima volvens,*  
*Ut primum lux alma data est, —————*

———— (l) *Ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate*  
*Bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro.*

(m) *Cui mater media sese tulit obvia sylva,*  
*Virginis os habitumque gerens.*



So smug she was and so array'd,  
 He took his Mother for a Maid :  
 A great mistake in her, whose Bum  
 So oft had been god *Mars* his Drum ;  
 When oft, full oft the lusty Drum-tick,  
 Breaking quite through would in her Bum stick  
 Full oft when *Smug* was blowing Bellows,  
 Would she be trucking with good Fellows ;  
 And let her self be chuckt as tamely,  
 As if therein there did no blame li  
 By *Mars*, and many a one beside,  
 Or else she foully is bely'd.

( n ) Well met, young Man, quoth *Venus* kindly,  
 As you came through the Woods behind ye,  
 Pray did you not, for all your haste, note  
 A Lass in Petticoat and Waistcoat ;  
 With such a Pelt as mine thrown o're her,  
 Driving a Sow and Pigs before her ?

( o ) No truly, quoth *Aeneas* mild,  
 I saw nor Man, Woman, or Child ;  
 Yet though I say't, had I been nigh her,  
 I could as soon as others spy her :  
 But who art thou that speak'st so shrill,  
 As if thy words come through a Quill ?  
 Thou art of gentle Kindred surely,  
 Thou look'st and speakest so demurely :

---

( n ) *Heus, inquit, juvenes, monstrate mearum  
 Vidistis siquam hic errantem sorte sororum,  
 Succinctum pharetra, & maculosa tegmine lyncis,  
 Aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem ?*

---

( o ) *Veneris contra sic filius orsus :  
 Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque visa sororum.  
 O quam te memorem virgo? namque haud tibi vulnus  
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat : O dea certe.* ( p ) There-



p) Therefore good Mistriss, or good Lady,  
do beseech you, if it may be,  
To put us out of fear of dangers,  
q) Tell's where we are, for we are Strangers.  
r) *Venus*, at that, wrigling and mumping,  
Cries, pray young Man, leave of your frumping;  
For until now I've met with no Man,  
E'r took me for a Gentlewoman ;  
She that I ask for is my Sister ;  
I wonder how the Pox you mist her !  
We were this Morning sent in haste  
To fetch a Sow that lies at Mast.

s) Yond Town was built by one *Agenor*,  
The Land's so good it needs no *Meanor* :

t) One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who  
Run hither a good while ago :  
She is a Queen of gentle bearing,  
Whose Story will be worth the hearing :

u) But should I tell it all out-right,  
I think 'twould last a Winters night.

x) Therefore in short, this same Queen *Dido*,  
Who now, alas, is left a Widow !  
Had one *Sichæus* to her Honey,  
A wealthy Man in Land and Money :

---

(p) *As Phœbi soror, an Nympharum sanguinis una !*

----- (q) *Quo sub cælo tandem, quibus orbis in oris*  
*Facilemur doceas*-----

(r) *Tum Venus : Haud equidem tali me dignor honore*

(s) *Punica regna vides, Tyrios & Agenoris urbem,*

(t) *Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta*

----- (u) *longa est injuria, longa*

*Ambages, sed summa sequar fastigia rerum,*

(x) *Hujc conjux Sichæus erat, ditissimus agri.*

(y) Whom

(y) Whom one *Pygmalion* unawares,  
 Kill'd, as he was saying on's Prayers;  
 Onely for lucre of his pelf,  
 Which he had thought t'have had himself,  
 (z) And sob'd Queen *Dido* off some season,  
 (Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reason)  
 By telling her a *Flim-flam* prattle  
 That he was gone to buy some Cattle:  
 But on a time, as without doubt,  
*Murth' at some odd time will out* :  
 One night as she did sleep and snore,  
 As she had never slept before,

(a) Into her Chamber, dores unlocking,  
 Comes me her Husband without knocking,  
 A Link he in his hand did brandish,  
 His face was paler than your Band is :  
 Nearer he came, and would have kiss'd her,  
 At which she well nigh had bepiss'd her ;  
 But being a Ghost of civil fashion,  
 He gave her *Words of Consolation*.

Quoth he, I murd'red am, my Jewel,  
 By ways most barbarous and cruel :  
 And for to shew I tell no Fibs,

(b) Look what a hole here's in my Ribs.

---

(y) *Ille Sychæum*  
*Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,*  
*Clam ferro incautum superat*————

————(z) *agram*  
 (*Multa malus simulans*) *vana spe lussit amantem.*  
 (a) *Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago*  
*Conjugis, ora modis at tollens pallada miris :*

————(b) *Trajectaque pectora ferro*  
*Nudavit* : —————

And

And if thou stay'st, that Rogue *Pygmalion*  
Intends to use thee like a Stallion :

(c) Therefore be gone, thou and thy Meany,  
But leave the Rascal ne'r a Penny  
To bless himself; it lies each Farthing,  
In an old Butter-pot i'th' Garding.

(d) *Dido* at this, rises up early,  
And with her Servants very fairly,  
Not caring for *Pygmalions* Curses,  
Steals all his Money-bags, and Purfes;  
And in a Boat prepar'd o'th' nonce,  
Shipt all his Goods away at once,  
And got off safe, whil'st all this Geer  
Was ordered by a *Wastcoateer*.

(e) At last she came with all her People,  
To yonder Town with the Spire Steeple,  
And bought as much good feeding ground for  
Five Marks, as some would give five pound for;  
Where now she lives a Hufwife wary,  
Has her ground stockt, and keeps a Dairy :

(c) *Tum celerare fugam patriaque excedere suadet,  
Auxiliumque via, veteres tellure recludit  
The sauros, ignotum argenti pondus & auri.*

(d) *His commota fugam, Dido, sociosque parabat :  
Conveniunt quibus aut odium crudele tyranni.*

*Aut metus acer erat : naves quæ sorte paratæ,  
Corrumpunt, onerantque auro ; portantur avari  
Pygmalionis opes pelago ; Dux sæmina facti.*

(e) *Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes  
Mœnia, surgentemque novæ Carthaginis arcem,  
Mercatique solum facti de nomine Byrsam.  
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo,*

C

(f) And

And

(f) And now young man, I pray ye shew me  
Whence do ye come, or whither go ye ?

(g) This being said, our lusty Swabber  
Groan'd like a Woman in her Labour,  
And looking rufully upon her,  
Oh ! Dame, quoth he, brim full of Honour,  
Should I begin my story spinning,  
From the first end to th' last beginning,  
I doubt to finish we should miss time,  
For it would last till t' morrow this time.

(h) We Trojans are of Troy-Town Race,  
(If e'r you heard of such a place.)

(i) And I *Aeneas* fam'd in Fight ;  
But much more for a Carpet-Knight:  
Who bring along our Countrey Gods,  
A company of smoaky Toads,  
Catcht out o'th' fire, from the Greek,  
When all the Town was of a Reek ;  
And can derive my Pedigree,  
(Although I say't) with any He,  
That is perhaps fuller of Pride,  
Especially by th' Mothers side.

(t) *Sed vos qui tandem ? quibus aut venistis ab oris  
Quove tenetis iter ?* —

— (g) *Quarenti talibus ille  
Suspirans, imoque trahens a pectore vocem :  
O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam,  
Et vacet annales nostrorum audire laborum,  
Ante diem clauso componet vespere Olympo.*

(h) *Nos Troja amiqua (si vestras forte per aures  
Trojae nomen iit)* —

(i) *Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste penates.  
Classe veho mecum,* —

Did my Fame never hither come ?  
I'm talk'd of far, and near at home ;  
To tell you truly as a Friend,

(k) For *Italy* we did intend,  
And put to Sea in paltry weather,  
(l) With twenty pair of Oars together :  
Of which there hardly are left seven,  
Which put into the Shore last Even.

(m) *Venus* the while *Aeneas* eying,  
And seeing he could scarce hold crying ;  
This cut him off in courteous fashion,  
T'h'midst on's pitiful Relation :

(n) Whoe'r thou art, take heart I say ;  
*Rome* can't be built all on a day ;  
And though y'have suffer'd some disasters,  
Yet let me tell you this, my Masters,  
'Tis a good sign that those Gods love ye,  
For all your haste, that hither drove ye :  
You might have walkt your Pumps apieces,  
E'r light on such a place as this is.

(o) Go me to th' *Queen* now out of hand ;  
And shew her how your matters stand :

(k) *Italiam quæro, patriam, & genus ab Jove summo.*

(l) *Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus aquor,*

*Mare dea monstrante viam, data fata, sequutus.*

*Vix septem convulsæ undis, Euroque supersunt.*

— (m) *Nec plura querentem*

*Passa Venus medio sic interfata dolore est.*

(n) *Quisquis es, haud, credo, invisus cælestibus, nura*

*ritales carpis, Tyriam qui ad veneris urbem*

(o) *Perge modo atque hinc te regina ad limina præfer.*

Did

She'll Make you welcome for her part ;  
She loves tall Fellows in her heart :

(p) There on my honest word, you'll meet  
Your lost Companions, I fore-see't ;  
And have all things that you would wish,

(q) Or surely I was taught amiss :  
(And I a Father had, could make  
In time of need, an Almanack )

Chear up your hearts, your spirits rally,  
And ne'r stand fooling, shall I shall I,  
But budge, jog on, bestir your Toes,

(r) There lies your way, follow your Nose

(s) With that she turn'd to go away,  
And did her freckl'd Neck display ;  
By which, and by a certain whiff,  
Came from her Arm pits, or her Cliff,  
And a fine hobble in her pace,

*Aeneas* knew his Mothers Grace :

(t) Monher, quoth he, why dost thou run thus  
And with thy *Momming* cheat thy Son thus ?

(p) *Namque tibi reduces socios classisque relatam*  
*Nuntio* —————

(q) *Ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.*

(r) *Perge modo & qua te ducit via, dirige gressum.*

(s) *Dixit ; & avertens rosea cervice refulsit ;*

*Ambrosiaeque comâ divinum vertice odorem*

*Spiravere ; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos ;*

*Et vera incessu patuit dea ; ille ubi matrem*

*Agnovit, tali fugientem est voce sequutus.*

(t) *Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falsis*  
*Ludis imaginibus ? cur dextra jungere dextram*  
*Non datur, ac veras audire, & reddere voces ?*



Why may we not shake one another  
By th' hand, and talk like Son and Mother ?  
Oh think upon our woful Cases,  
Whil'st thus we wander in strange places !

(u) But she was gone, for when she list,  
She foist away could, in a Mist ;  
Nor could she tarry, to say truly,  
For she had made a promise newly  
To meet a Friend of hers to dally,  
In a blind Street they call *Ram-Alley*,  
*Aeneas* than began to find,

That there was something in the wind,  
And said, My Mother's a mad shaver,  
No Man alive knows where to have her ;  
But I'd as live as Half a Crown,  
We two could walk so into th' Town.

*Venus* heard what he said, for she  
Could hear, as far as we can see ;  
And in a moment to befriend 'm,  
Two Cloaks invisible did lend 'm.

Thus cloakt, their Knavery to shelter,  
(y) Away they trudge it helter skelter,  
Until *Aeneas* and his Friend,  
Safely arriv'd at the Towns end.

(u) *At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit  
Et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu,  
Cernere naquis eos, nec quis contingere posset,  
Molirive moram——*

(x) *Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit.*

(y) *Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat ;  
Famque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi  
Imminent, adversasque aspectat desuper arces.*

(z) *Aeneas* star'd about and wonder'd,  
To see of Houses a whole hunderd :  
But when he saw the Folks were there,  
He thought it had been *Carthage* fair.

(a) The Town was full all in a pother,  
Some doing one thing, some another ;  
Some digging were, some making Mortar,  
Some hewing Stones, and such a Quarter :  
For they were all as story tells,  
Building or doing something else ;

(b) And to be short, all that he sees,  
Were working busily as Bees.

(c) I'th' middle of the Town there stood,  
A goodly *Elm* ore-grown with Wood ;  
And under that were stocks most duly,  
To lock them fast that were unruly :  
There sat they down to ease their Travel,  
Picking their sweaty Toes from Gravel :  
And lookt about as they lay lurking,

(d) To see the busie *Tyrians* working :  
But none could see them for their spell,  
They were so hid, they might as well,  
Tho they had been never so nigh um,  
See through a double Door as spy um.

(z) *Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam :*

(a) *Instant ardentem Tyrii ; pars, ducere muros  
Meliorque arcem, & manibus sub solvere saxa :  
Pars aptare locum tecto, & concludere sulco.*

(b) *Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura  
Exercet sub sole labor*——

(c) *Lacus in urbe fuit media, latissimus umbra :*

(d) *Inserit se sepius nebula, mirabile dictu,  
Per medios, misce que viris neque cernitur ulli.*

Near ſtood the Church, a pretty Building ;  
Plain as a Pike-ſtaff without gilding,  
I cannot like any to it,  
Unleſs't be *Panrace*, if you know it.

(e) This Church Queen *Dido*, 'tis related,  
Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,  
And was beholden unto none;  
But built it all both Stick and Stone,  
At her own proper coſt and charges ;  
No Church i'th' Countrey near ſo large is :  
It was well laid, with Lime and Mortar :  
For ſo the Workmen did exhort her,  
Be cauſe it would be ſo much ſtronger,  
And ſo you know would laſt the longer.  
It had a Dore peg'd with a Pin,  
To ſhut Folks out, or let Folks in,  
And in a pretty wooden Steeple,  
A Low Bell hung to call the People.

*Aeneas* and his Friend went thither,  
Seeing a many Folks together,  
Whole miſty Cloaks ſo well did hide 'um,  
That in they went, and no one ſpy'd um.

(f) But then they wonder'd to behold  
The Images ſo manifold,

(c) *Hic, templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido*  
*Condebat*——

(f) *Artificumque manus inter ſe, operumque labores*  
*Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pungaſ,*  
*Bellaque tam fama totam vulgata per orbem ;*  
*Atridas, Priamumque, & ſævum ambobus Achillem,*  
*Conſtitit, & lachrymans. Quis jam locus (inquit) Achate*  
*Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris ?*

C 4

That

That staring stood in sundry places,  
 As if they would flie in their faces,  
 Then, quoth *Aeneas*, to's Comrade,  
 This Fellow Master was on's Trade,  
 That pictur'd these: Look, look, as I am  
 An honest man, yonder's our *Priam*;  
 See where he stands in Silk and Sattin,  
 As he could speak both Greek and Latin,  
 Whoop yonder's *Hector* too, and *Troilus*,  
 Look thee, how there the *Grecians* foil us;

(g) And there our trusty *Trojans* do  
 Bang them and pay them *quid* for *quo*.  
 Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,  
 With his Cock-feather in his Cap:  
 And yonder's one, for all's Bravado,  
 Knocks him with lusty Bastinado.  
 How came these here t' be pictur'd thus?  
 Sure all the World has heard of us.

(h) Whil'st thus *Aeneas* sad and muddy,  
 Stood musing in a dark brown Study,  
 In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,  
 In Apron white, as on a *May-day*:  
 A crew of Roysters waited on her,  
 Which there were call'd her Men of Honour:  
 All clad in fair blew Coats and Badges,  
 To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages.

---

—(g) videbat, iii bellantes Pergama circum  
 Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana juvenus:  
 Hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles.

(h) Hac dum Dardanio, Aeneas miranda videntur,  
 Dum stupet, obtutaque haeret defixus in uno:  
 Regina ad templum forma pulcherrima Dido  
 Incessit magno juvenum stipante castris.

(i) Even

(i) Even as a proper Woman shows  
When unto Wake, or fair she goes,  
Clad in her best Apparel, so  
Queen *Dido* all this time did show,  
And was so brave a buxom Lass,  
That she did all i'th' Town surpass.  
Into the midst o'th' Church she marches,  
And there betwixt a pair of Arches,  
Upon a Stool set for the nonce,  
She went to rest her Marrow-bones,  
And on a Cushion stufft with Flocks,  
She clapt her dainty pair of Docks.

(k) There *Dido* sate in State each day,  
To hear what any one could say ;  
Some to rebuke, and for to smoothe some, '  
And give out Laws wholesome, or toothsome ;  
To punish such as had Insolence,  
And make them good *Nolens* or *Volens* :  
And there likewise each morning tide,  
She did the young Mens Tasks divide,  
Wherein great Policy did lurk,  
Each knew his Jobb of Journey-work,  
And sell about it without jangling :  
But that which kept them most from wrangling.

---

(i) *Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi  
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille sequuntæ  
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades ; illa phætram  
Fert humero gradiensque deas supereminet omnes.*

(k) *Tum foribus divæ, media testudine templi,  
Septa armis, folioque alte subnixæ resedit ;  
Fura dabat, legesque viris, operumque laborem  
Partibus æquabat justis, aut sorte traherat.*

Was

Was that they still drew cuts to know,  
Whether they should work hard or no :  
And who had the longest cut, and th' best;  
Had still more work than all the rest.

(l) Here whil'st *Aeneas* squeez'd and thrust  
To see Queen *Dido* doing justice :  
Who should he but his Fellow spie  
Got into *Dido's* Company ?  
There *Antheus* was (no Mortal fiercer)  
And one *Sergestus* too, a Mercer,  
With other *Trojans* that would vapor;  
*Cloanthus* too, the Woolen-Draper :  
All which and forty *Trojans* more,  
Were wonderfully got to shore.

(m) At this *Aeneas* and his Friend,  
Were e'n almost at their wits end ;  
Z'lid, *Jove* forgive me that I swear,  
Quoth he, how think'st, how came they here ?  
Nay, quoth the other presently,  
*Aeneas*, what a Pox know I ?

(n) *Aeneas* was so glad on's kin,  
He ready was t' leap out on's skin,  
And so was t'other, for, in sadness,  
They were e'n mad, 'twixt fear and gladness

---

(l) Cum subito *Aeneas* concursu accedere magno  
*Anthea*, *Sergestumque* videt fortemque *Cloanthum*,  
*Teucrorumque* alios, ater quos aquore turbe  
Dispulerat penitusque alias advexerat oras.

(m) Obstupit simul ipse, simul perculsus *Achates* :

(n) *Lætitiæque* metuque avidi conjungere dexteras  
Ardebant ; sed res animos incognita turbat ;  
Dissimulant, & nubæ cava speculantur amicti,  
Quæ fortuna viris ; —



at yet it seems they were so wise,  
To keep them safe in their disguise :  
Until their Friends had try'd th' Opinions  
Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians*.

(o) At last they saw one *Ileoneus*,  
*Trojan* very Ceremonious :  
Youth of very fine Condition,  
Very pretty Rhetorician :

One that could write and read, and had  
Been bred at Free-School from a Lad,  
Thrust up to *Dido* in good fashion,  
And thus begins his fine Oration.

(p) O *Queen*, who here hast built a Village,  
And keepst thy ground in hearty Tillage :

Thou, who hast the Royal Science,  
To govern Men as wild as Lyons,  
Behold us here, who look like men  
New eaten and spew'd up agen :

Who spitefully has Fortune crost us,  
Who wofully the Seas have tost us.

A few poor *Trojans* here you see,  
Even as poor as poor may be ;

Thrown on this shore by Wind and Weather,  
All luck, the Devil, and altogether ;

(p) *Postquam introgressi, & coram data copia sandi,*  
*Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit ;*

(p) *O regina, novam cui condere Juppiter urbem,*  
*Iustitiaque dedit gentes frænare superbas.*

*Proces te miseri, ventis maria omnia velti*  
*ramus, prohibe infandos a navibus ignes :*

*Parce pio generi, & propius res aspice nostras.*

And

And humbly do beseech your Grace,  
 To pity our most woful case.  
 Your Men are all in hurly-burly,  
 And look upon us grim and furly,  
 So that if you be not to good to us,  
 They'll burn our Boats, and quite undo us.  
 Therefore we pray you send some one,  
 To bid 'um let our Boats alone.

(q) Alas! we come not to purloin,  
 Either your Cattle, or your Coin,  
 Neither to filch Linnen or Wollen,  
 Nor yet to steal away your Pullen;  
 W' have no such knavish ends as these,  
 But only to beg Bread and Cheefe:

(r) We were hard rowing to a place,  
 A hardish kind of Name it has,  
 Where once your what shal's cal'ums (rot 'um)  
 It makes me mad I have forgot 'um)  
 Liv'd a great while; but now d'ye see,  
 'Tis known by th' Name of *Italy*:

---

(q) *Non nos aut ferro Lybicos populare penates  
 Venimus, aut raptas ad littora vertere prædas:  
 Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.*

(r) *Est locus (Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt)  
 Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere gleba;  
 Oenotrii coluere viri: nunc fama minores  
 Italiam dixisse, ducis de nomine gentem:  
 Huc cussu fuiss—*

(s) Whe

(s) When on a sudden one Orion,  
 powder'd upon us like a Lyon,  
 and squander'd us on Flats and Shelves,  
 Enough to make us drown our selves :  
 so that of Sixscore men, and dest ones,  
 Even here, O Queen, are all left on's.  
 Then what should ail you *Tyrians* thus  
 To scowl and look askew at us ;  
 Or where the Devil were they bred,  
 Sure ranker Clowns ne'r liv'd by Bread !  
 And, for to tell your Grace my thought,  
 I think they'r better fed than taught,  
 For (as I am an honest man,  
 Let 'um deny it if they can.)

(u) No sooner landed we to bait us,  
 But that the Rogues threw Cow-turds at us :  
 But *Queen*, I hope, thou'llt teach the VVretches  
 Henceforth to meddle with their Matches.

(x) *Aeneas* once did us command,  
 A taller fellow of his hand,

(s) ——— Cum subito assurgens nimbosus Orion  
 In vada cæca tulit, penitusque procacibus Austris,  
 Perque undas superante salo, perque invia saxa  
 Dispulit, huc pauci vestris adnavimus oris ;

(t) Quod genus hoc hominum ? quæve hunc tam barbara morem  
 Permittit patria ?

(u) Hospitio prohibemur arena,  
 Bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra.

(x) Rex erat *Aeneas* nobis ; quo justior altus  
 Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major, & armis ;  
 Quem si fasa virum servant, si vescitur aura  
 Ætherea nec adhuc crudelibus accurat umbris,  
 Non metus, officio neq te certasse priorem  
 Pœniteat ———

Nor

Nor honeſter, ne'r did, or ſhall,  
 Draw out a Trapſtick to a Wall.  
 If he but live, and that already  
 He be not drowned in ſome eddy,  
 You of your coſt will ne'r repent you,  
 For to a penny he'll content you.

(y) Look then o'th' *Trojans*, and befriend um  
 Let's draw our Boats aſhore and mend um.  
 We'll promiſe you, if that we meet  
 Our Captain with the reſt o'th' Fleeer,  
 And if he be not turn'd to a Gudgeon,  
 We towards *Italy* will trudge on;

(z) And if that he ſhall ſtill be lacking,  
 Then back again we'll ſtraight be packing.

(\*) *Dido* like Woman of good faſhion,  
 Gave ſpecial heed to his Relation,  
 And all the while he did relate it,  
 Mumpt like a Bride that would be at it.  
 At laſt when he had told his Tale,  
 Mantling like Mare in Martingale,  
 She thus reply'd, *Trojans* be cheery,  
 Pluck up your hearts, and reſt you merry;

(y) *Quaſſatam ventis liceat ſubducere claſſem,  
 Et ſylvos aptare trabes, & ſtringere remos;*  
*Si datur Italiam ſociis, & rege recepto:*

*Tendere, ut Italiam lati, Latiumque petamus;*  
 (z) *Sin abſumpta ſalus, & te, pater optime Teucrum,  
 Pontus habet Lybia, nec ſpes jam reſtat Iuli;*  
*At freta Sicaniæ ſaltem ſedesque paratas,*  
*Unde buc adveſti, regemque petamus Aceſtem.*

(\*) *Tum breviter Dido, vultum demiffa proſatur:*  
*Solvite corde metum Teucris; ſecludite curas.*  
*Res dura, & Regni novitas metalia cogunt*  
*Moliri* —

Our Towns-folks here are something wary;  
 Not that they any ill-will bear you;  
 For they are very honest Fellows,  
 But that of late a chance befel us.  
 To tell you true, the other day,  
 When all my Folks were gone to th' Hay,  
 A lusty Rascal, such a one  
 As one of you (dispraise to none)  
 Comes into th' Yard, and off the Hedge,  
 Where all our Cloaths were hung to Bleach,  
 Whips me a Brand-new Flaxen Smock,  
 The very best of all my Stock;  
 And runs away wi't in a trice:

'T had ne'r been on my back past twice :)  
 But you I know such baseness scorn,  
 You all are Men well bred and born.

(a) Who has not heard o'th' *Trojan* people,  
 And of *Aeneas* and his Swipple?

Nor shall you find us Dames of *Tyre*,  
 So far remov'd from *Phæbus* fire;  
 But we can cherish lusty Y'emen,

And carry Toyes like other Women,

(b) Therefore you shall, whither you go  
 Straight on to *Italy*, or no:

a) *Quis genus Aeneadam, quis Trojæ nesciat urbem?*  
*Invitesque, virosque, aut tanti incendia belli?*

*Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectore Pæni;*  
*Nec tam adversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe;*

b) *Seu vos Hesperiam magnam. Saturniaque arva,*  
*Ævæ Erycis fines, regemque optatis Acestem,*  
*Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque juvabo.*

Or whether you row on the Main,  
To your own Parish back again,  
Have what you want ; nor will I dun ye,  
But pay me when you can get Money :

(c) But if you'll tarry here, this Town  
That I now build shall be your own ;  
And be as free you *Trojans* shall,  
As any *Tyrian* of 'um all.

A Mans a Man, as I have read,  
Though he have but a Hose on's head :

(d) And I could wish that the same weather  
That blew you tatter'd Scullers hither,  
VVould blow *Aeneas* hither too,  
And then there were no more to do ;

(e) But I'll send out my Men ; who knows  
But he may now be picking Sloes  
In our Town-woods, or getting Nuts,  
For very need to fill his Guts ?

(f) *Aeneas* in his misty Cloke,  
Heard every word Queen *Dido* spoke.

(c) *Vultis & his mecum pariter considerare regnis ?*  
*urbem quam statuo, vestra est ; subducite naves.*

(d) *Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem*  
*Afferet Aeneas ;* ———

——— (e) *Per littora certos*  
*Dimittam, & Lybia lustrare extrema jubebo,*  
*Si quibus ejectus sylvis, aut urbibus errat*

(f) *Hic animum arrecti dictis, & fortis Achates,*  
*Et Pater Aeneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem*  
*Ardebant* ———



Her honey words made his mouth water,  
 And he e'en twitter'd to be at her,  
 But he was so o'erjoy'd he stood  
 Like a great Sloven made of Wood ;  
 And could not speak (tho he were willing)  
 Would one have gi'n him Forty shilling.  
 (g) At last his Friend jog'd him with's hand ;  
 How like a Logger-head you stand !  
 Quoth he, for certainly I think,  
 Thou'rt either mad, or in thy drink :  
 Dost thou not see our Friends all round,  
 Excepting one whom we saw drown'd :  
 And all as well, as heart can wish,  
 And yet thou stand'st as mute as Fish !  
 (b) Scarce had he spoke, but off he threw  
 His Mantle made of Mists so blew,  
 And stood as plainly to be seen  
 As any there, *God bless the Queen.*  
 (i) For's Mother had so dizen'd him,  
 That he should shew both neat and trim :

(g) Prior *Æneam* compellat Achates,  
 Nate dea, qui nunc animo sententia surgit ;  
 Omnia tuta vides, classem sociosque receptos :  
 Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi  
 Submersum. —

(h) Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente  
 Scindit se nubes, & in æthera purgat apertum :  
 Restitit *Æneas*, claraque in luce refulsit,

(i) Os humerosque Deo similis ; namque ipsa decoram  
 Casariam nato genetrix lumenque juventa  
 Hæc purpureum letos oculis afflarat bonores ;

D

Though

Though (truly !) he was but an odd man,  
 Splay-mouth'd, crump-shoulder'd, like the god  
 Yet could he not i'th' nick invent (P)

Her Majesty a Compliment :

But scratch'd his head and gan to sputter,  
 His elbow rub'd and kept a clutter,  
 Mopping and mowing, till at last  
 All difficulties over-past,

(k) In Courtly Phrase it thus came out ;

Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout :

That same *Aeneas* whom you prize thus,  
 Is here without *Deceptio Visus* :

I that same very man am here,

And come to taste of your good chear :

(l) O *Dido* Primrose of Perfection,

Who only granted kind protection

To wandring *Trojans*, how shall we

Ever pay thee for this Courtesie !

We never can my dainty Friend ;

Then let *Force* do't, and there's an end.

(k) Tum sic Reginam alloquitur, cunctisque repente  
*Improvissus* ait ; Coram, quem quaeritis adsum  
*Troius Aeneas*——

(l) O sola infandos Troja miserata labores :

Quae nos, reliquias Danaum terraeque marisque  
 Omnibus exhaustos jam casibus, omnium egenos,

Urbe, domo socius. Grates persolvere dignas

Non opis est nostrae, *Dido* . nec quicquid ubique est

Gentis Dardania, magnum quae sparsa per orbem.

Dii tibi (si qua pios respiciant numina, si quid

Usquam iustitiae est, & mens sibi concia recti)

Praemia digna ferant ;——

(m) Thu

(m) Thus having ended his fine Speech,  
 Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech;  
 And spoke to's men, says, Lads how is't?  
 Come give me every one a Fist;  
 How do'st thou *Guy*, and Sirs how do ye?  
 Now by my troth, I'm glad to see ye;  
 'Tis better being here I trow,  
 Than where we were a while ago,  
 No longer since than yesterday:  
 Welcome to *Tyre* as I may say.  
 With that to shaking hands they fall,  
 And he most friendly shak't them all:  
 Surely he was no Co interfeiter,  
 No Bandog could have shak't 'um better.

(n) Queen *Dido* ravish't to behold  
 The Carriage sweet of this Springold:  
 Star'd for a while, as she'd look through him,  
 And then thus brake her mind unto him.

(o) O thou who hast so finely been bred,  
 And com'n art of such honest Kindred,  
 By what strange luck hast thou been hurry'd,  
 As if the Fates would thee have worry'd!  
 'Tis strange thou hast not burst thy Hoops,  
 Th'art been so bang'd about the Stoops.

(m) Sic fatus; amicum

*liinea peti dextra lavaque Serestum;*  
*Post alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*

(n) Obsupit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,  
*Casu deinde viri tanto; & sic ore locuta est;*

(o) Quid te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus  
 Insequer! quæ vis immanibus applicat oris?

Thur

D 2

(p) Art

- (p) Art thou *Aeneas* with th' great Ware  
 So famous for a Cudgel player,  
 Whom *Venus* with her fine Devices  
 Bore that old Knocker, good *Anchises* ?  
 (q) My Father *Belus* went with *Teucer*,  
 (I think he had not many Sprucer)  
 To take possession of an Island,  
 That was some Twenty Rood of dry-land.  
 (r) And he still gave great commendations  
 Of *Trojans* 'bove all other Nations;  
 He could have nam'd you all by dozens,  
 And told me you and he were Cousins.  
 (s) Therefore young Men to *Carthage* you  
 Are welcome without more ado.  
 I have my self (I'd have you know)  
 Been driven to my shifts e'r now,  
 And therefore in my Jurisdiction,  
 Pity a Beast that's in affliction :  
 (t) With that she stretched forth a hand,  
 So white, it made *Aeneas* stand

- (p) Tunc ille *Aeneas*, quem *Dardanio Anchisæ*  
*Alma Venus Pbrgyii* genuit *Simoentis* ad undam ?  
 (q) Atque equidem *Teucrum* memini *Sidona* venire,  
*Finibus expulsum patriis*, nova regna petentem  
*Auxilio Beli* ? ———  
 (r) Ipse hostis *Teucras* insigni laude ferebat ;  
*Seque ortum antiqua Teucorum a stripe* volebat,  
 (s) Quare agite, o rectis juvenes succedite nostris.  
*Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores*  
*Factatam, hac demum voluit consistere terra.*  
*Non ignara maii miseris succurrere disco.*  
 (t) Sic memorat ; simul *Aeneam* in regia ducit  
*Tecta* ; ———

amaz'd to see't (for know that she  
 will wash her hands in Chamber-Lee)  
 and led *Aneas* in kind fashion,  
 Towards her Graces habitation;  
 and made a Curtzy at the dore,  
 and pray'd him to go in before:  
 but he most curteously cry'd no,  
 hope I'm better bred than so;  
 but let him say what he say could,  
 Dido swore *Faith and Troth* he should:  
 Tell (quoth *Aneas*) I see still,  
 Women and Fools must have their will:  
 and thereupon without more talking,  
 enters before her proudly stalking.  
 scarce were they got within the dores,  
 but *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,  
 and a great coyl and scolding kept,  
 because the house was not clean swept:  
 Then all in haste away she sends  
 Victuals unto *Aneas* Friends;  
 case-porridge, Bacon, Puddings, Sowse,  
 wh' very best she had i'th' house;  
 butter, and Curds, and Cheeses plenty,  
 to fill their Guts that were fully empty;  
 adding them eat, and never save it,  
 but call for more, and they should have it.

*Nec minus interea sociis ad littora mittit  
 tauri tauros, magnorum horrentia centum  
 suum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos.*

Amaz

(b) This being done, the dainty Queen  
 Conducts the *Trojans* further in ;  
 Into a Palor neat she takes 'um :  
 And there most fairly welcome makes 'um :  
 She served um drink and victuals up,  
 As long as they would eat or sup ;  
 Whilest each one there so play'd the Glutton,  
 That he was forced to unbutton.  
 No sooner had the *Trojans* bold  
 Stuffd their Guts full as they would hold ;  
 But that *Aeneas* strait begun,

(c) All to-bethink him of his Son.

\* See *Servius* upon  
*Virgil*.

\* Now you must know that he had had  
 A Wench, and by that Wench a Lad.  
 The Lads *Creusa* had to name,  
 Whom (be it spoken to their shame)  
 The *Greeks* when first they took *Troy* City,  
 Did thrust to death, without all pity :  
 First of that Sex sure in fair jussing,  
 That ever suffer'd death by thrusting.

(d) His Son *Ascanius* hight, a Page,  
 About some dozen years of Age,  
 This Boy, *Aeneas* sent *Achates*  
 To fetch ; quoth he, since we feed *gratis*,  
 Why should not now my little Best i'rd,  
 ( That I dare swear would prove no Dastard )

(b) *At domus interior regali splendida luxu  
 Instruitur, mediisque parant convivio testis.*

(c) *Omnia in Ascanio chari stat cura parentis.*

(d) *Aeneas rapidum ad naves praemittit Achatem  
 Ascanio ferat haec, ipsumque ad moenia ducat.*



Come to Queen *Dido's* house, and Feast,  
As we have done o'th' very best ?  
Go fetch him then, (e) and let him bring's  
Out of my Coffer, those gay things  
I sav'd at *Troy*; which for their fineness  
He shall present unto her Highness.  
There is a Riding-hood and Safe-guard  
Of yellow Lace, bound with a-brave-guard,  
Which *Hellen* wore, the very day  
That *Paris* stole her quite away.

(f) Then there's a Distaff neatly wrought,  
That *Paris* too for *Hellen* bought,  
For carved Work fit to be seen,  
Betwixt the legs of any Queen.  
And then there is a fair great Ruff,  
Made of a pure and costly Stuff,  
To wear about her Highness neck,  
Like Mrs. *Cockaneys* in the *Peak*;  
And last a Quoif, wrought gorgeously  
With Tinsel, and *Blew Coventry*:  
Then go as fast as th' canst, I prithee,  
And bring him and these presents with thee!

(e) *Munera præterea Iliacis crepta ruinis  
Ferre jubet, pallam signis, auroque rigentem,  
Et circumtextum croceo velamen Acantho,  
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ; quos illa Mycenis,  
Pergam eam peteret, inconcessosque Hymeneos  
Extulerat* —

(f) *Præterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim  
Maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile  
Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auroque coronam:*

(g) Away goes he, as he was bidden,  
Running as fast, as if h' had ridden ;  
But *Venus*, that same cunning Dame,  
Had yet another Trick to play 'um.

(b) She had no very good Opinion  
Of your so smooth-tongu'd *Carthaginian*,  
Nor knew she but the Queen might be  
As full of Craft as Courtesie,

(i) And she was sure that *Juno* would  
Do all the mischief that she could ;  
Therefore she in all haste did run  
T' a Boy, call'd *Cupid*, was her Son.

This *Cupid* was a little Tyny,  
Cogging, Lying, Peevish Nyny ;  
No bigger than a good *Points Tag* ;  
But yet a vile unhappy Wag.  
He ne'r would go to School, but play  
The Truant every other day :  
Run men into the Breech with pins,  
Throw Stones at Folks, and break their shins ;  
Kill Peoples Hens, and Steal their Chicks,  
And do a Thousand Roguy Tricks :  
But with a Bow the Shit-breecht Elf  
Would shoot like *Robin Hood* himself ;  
And had, I warrant, every dart,  
Poyson'd with such a subtile art,

---

(g) *Hac celerans, iter ad nares tendebat Achates.  
At Cytherea novus artes, nova potiore versat  
Confilea*——

(h) *Quippe domum timet ambiguum Tyriosque bilingues*

(i) *Urit atrox Juno* ———

That

hat where they hit their power was ſo,  
made Folks love, would they or no.  
nd for this Trick, the hopeful Youth  
as call'd *The God of Love* forſooth.

To this young Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,  
s I (if you have not forgot it)

told you before, and thus begun  
to flatter up her Graceleſs Son ;

) My Goldy Locks, (quoth ſhe) my Joy,  
ty pretty little tyny Boy :

Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee  
I implore thy little Deity.

) Thou know'ſt as well as any other,

ow *Juno* vile has us'd thy Brother,

our poor *Aeneas*, what a Clatter,

he made to drown him on the water ;

ay ſhe would do more miſchief ſtill,

the curſt Quean might have her will.

) *Aeneas* now is at a place,

ns ; call'd *Carthage*, with a handſom Laſs,

Queen *Dido* nam'd, where now he is

made on as much, as heart can wiſh ;

) But leaſt the Queen ſhould change her mind

Weather-Cocks do with the wind,

) *Gnate, mea vires, mea magna potentia, ſolus*  
*gnate patris ſummi qui tela Typhoea remnis ;*

*Alte confugio, & ſupplex tua numina poſco.*

) *Frater ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum*

*torra jaſteur, odiis Junonis iniqua,*

*na tibi*

) *Quocirca capere ante dolis & cingere flamma*

*ginam medior, ne quo ſe numine mutet ;*

That

And

And through *Juno's* Wiles at last,  
 Shew him a Womans slipp'ry cast:  
 My pretty Archer, let us two  
 Shew the proud Slut what we can do.  
 My Son *Aeneas* does dispatch  
*Achates* to the Wharf to fetch  
 My little Grandchild, who must come,  
 To sup in *Dido's* Dining-Room.  
 Now since that thus in short the Case is,  
 And that thou canst so well cut Faces:  
 (o. p.) I would have thee to set thy *Phys'-*  
*Nomy* in such a shape as his:  
 And go along as meek and mild,  
 As any little sucking Child.  
 When thou com'st there, I know the Queen  
 Will clip, and kiss thee Cheek, and Chin;  
 Dandle, and give thee Figs and Raisons;  
 Then must thou play thy Petty-Treasures,  
 Lick her Lips, flatter her, and Cog,  
 And set her Highness so o'th Gog,  
 That Fame, and honour she may go by,  
 And let *Aeneas* sirk her Toby

(o) ——— *Faciem mutatus & ora Cupido*  
*Pro dulci Ascanio veniat.*

(p) *Tu faciem illius noctem don amplius unam*  
*Falle dolo, & notos pueri puer indue vultus.*  
*Ut cum te gremio accipiet latissima Dido,*  
*Regales inter mensas, laticemque Lyxum.*  
*Cum dabit amplexus, atque oscula dulcia figet,*  
*Occlutium instres ignem, fallasque veneno.*

(g) Thi

(q) This is my Plot, and that nought cross it,  
I'll make the Child a sleeping Posset.  
And when he's fast, I will him hide  
In th' top o'th' Garret upon *Ide*.

(a) *Cupid* who Mischief lov'd I think,  
Better by half than Meat or Drink ;  
Without all manner of Reply,  
Prepares him for his Roguery.  
His wings he from his shoulders throws,  
Because they'd not go into's Clothes.  
And drest himself to such a wonder,  
That none could know the Lads asunder,

(b) But *Venus* gave t'other a Sop,  
That made him sleep like any Top ;  
And whil'st he taking was a Nap,  
She laid him neatly in her Lap,  
And carried him to a House that stood  
Upon an Hill in an old Wood :  
And when she had the Urchin there,  
She laid him up in *Lavender*.

(c) In the mean time Sir *Cupid* goes  
To th' Court in young *Iulus* Clothes ;

(q) *Hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera  
Aut super Idaliū sacra sede recondam,*

(a) *Paret amor dictis charæ geneticis, & alas  
Exiit, & gressu gaudens incedit Iuli.*

(b) *At Venus Alcanio placidam per membra quietem  
Irrigat, & totum gremio dea tollit in altos  
Idaliæ lucos: ubi mollis amaracus illum  
Floribus, & dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.*

(c) *Famque ibat dicto parens.*

(d) Who

(d) Who should he see when he came there,  
 But *Dido* sitting in a Chair,  
 I'th' midst of all her *Trojan* Blades,  
 Vap'ring and swearing at her Maids!  
 Under her Feet a Cricket stood,  
 Whereon she stampt as she were wood,  
 And likewise there was finely put  
 A Cushion underneath her Scut.  
 There as she sate upon her Crupper,  
 (e) She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,  
 And in they brought a thundring Meal,  
 Great Joints of Mutton, Pork, and Veal,  
 Hens, Geese, and Turkeys, Ducks, and Custards,  
 And at the last, Fools, Flawns, and Bustards:  
 The *Trojans* eat, and make good Chear,  
 Tunning themselves with Ale and Beer;  
 There was old drinking, and old singing,  
 And all the while, the Bell was ringing:  
 One would have thought by the great Feast,  
 T had been a Wedding at the least.

(d) *Cum venit, aulais jam se regina superbis  
 Aurea composuit sponda, mediamque locavit.  
 Jam pater Aeneas & jam Trojana juvenus  
 Conveniunt; stratioque super discumbitur esto.*  
 (e) *Quinquaginta intrus famulae, quibus ordine longo  
 Cura penum struere, & flammis adolere penates.  
 Centum aliae, totidemque pares atate ministri,  
 Qui dapibus mensus onerent, & pocula ponant*

Whilst



Whilſt thus they eat, and drink, and chat,  
 f) *Cupid*, that little cogging Brat,  
 ſo cunning was in Counterfeiting,  
*Aeneas* thought him on's own getting.  
 At laſt *Queen Dido* in her Lap,  
 ſets me the Mounte-banking Ape,  
 and kiſt his Lips all of a Lather,  
 Then thus beſpeaks the new-made Father.  
 O th' Mack (quoſh ſhe) thou *Trojan* truſty,  
 Thou got'ſt this Boy when thou wert luſty;  
 And any one that does but note him,  
 ſhall ſoon know who it was begot him;  
 I dare be ſworn 'twas thou didſt get him,  
 He's e'n as like thee as th' hadſt ſpit him,  
 g) Whilſt thus the Youth ſhe kiſt and dandl'd,  
*Cupid* had ſo the matter handl'd,  
 That ſhe began upon a ſudden  
 To feel a longing for white Pudden.  
 h) When they had ſupt, and that the Waiters  
 had Trenchers ta'n away, and Platters;

i) *Ille ubi complexu Aeneæ, colloque pependit,  
 Et magnum falſi implevit genitoris amorem,  
 Reginam petit; hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto  
 Haeret: Et interdum gremio ſovet inſcia Dido,  
 Inſideat quantum miſeræ deus,*——

(g) at memor ille  
*Maris Acidaliæ, paulatim abolere Sichæum  
 Incipit, Et vivo tentat prævertere amore  
 Jam pridem reſides animos*——

(h) *Postquam prima quies epulis, menſaque remotæ,  
 Stateras magnos ſtatuant, Et vina coremant.*

(i) up

(i) Up from her Chair Queen *Dido* starts,  
And takes a Mug, that held two Quarts  
Of drink, that she with much forbearing,  
Had sav'd long since for her Sheep-shearing:  
And thus begins, Sirs, here's to you,  
And from my heart much good may do you:

(k) *Aeneas*, here's a Health to thee,  
To — and to good Company;  
And he that will not pledge me fairly,  
And name the words as I do barely;  
I do pronounce him to be no Man,  
And may he never tickle a Woman.

(l) With that she set it to her Nose,  
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes;  
No drop besides her Muzzle falling,  
Until that she had supt it all in.

\* *Alias*  
Ketly.

Then turning 't \**Topsey* on her Thumb,  
Sayes, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.

*Aeneas*, as the Story tells,  
And all the rest did blest themselves,  
To see her troll off such a Pitcher,  
And yet to have her face no richer.  
By *Jove* (quoth he) knocking his Knuckles  
I'd not drink with her for Shoe-buckles:

---

(i) *Hic regina gravem gemmis, auroque poposcit  
Implevitque mero pateram: quam Belus & omnes  
A Belo soliti —*

(k) *Adfis lætitiæ Bacchus dator & bona Juno:  
Et vos o cœtum Tyrii celebrate faventes,*

(l) *Dixit, & in mensa laticum libavit honorem:  
Primaque libato summo tenua attigit ore.*

out Madam (says he) sweetly bowing,  
 hope your Grace does not make \* plowing :  
 or if you do, at this large rate,  
 There will be many an aking Pate ;  
 (m) With that he took a lusty Swimmer,  
 here Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer  
 a kind return for our Protections,  
 into Queen *Dido's* best affections.  
 (n) Down went their Cups, and to't they fell,  
 Roaring and Swaggering pell-mell,  
 (o) Whilst a blind Harper did advance,  
 That wore Queen *Dido's* Cognizance,  
 A Minstrel that *Iopas* hight,  
 Who play'd and sung to 'um all night ;  
 He sung them Songs, Ballads, and Catches,  
 Of Mens Devices, Womens Patches ;  
 With ancient Songs of high Renown,  
 And even one they call *Troy-Town* :  
 At that *Aeneas* shak'd his Noddle,  
 As one would do an empty Bottle ;  
 Quoth he) If he that wrote this Ditty,  
 Had been with us i'th' midst o'th' City,  
 When Faggots-Sticks flew in Folks Chops,  
 And knockt Men down as thick as hops,  
 He do believe for all's fine *Chiming*,  
 He would have had small mind of *Rhiming* :

\*Ending  
 one, and  
 Beginning  
 another.

---

— (m) *Ille impiger hausit  
 remanentem pateram, & pleno se protulit auro.*  
 (n) *Post alii proceres ;* —  
 — (o) *citbara crinitus Iopas  
 resonat aurata, docuit quæ maximus Atlas,  
 & canit errantem Lunam.*

Yet

Yet for to give the Devil his due,  
Who e'er it was, the Ballad's true.

(p) From *Dido* then a belch did flie,  
'Tis thought she meant it for a sigh,  
And tears ran down her fair long Nose ;  
The Queen was *Maudlin* I suppose.

(q) (Quoth she) *Aeneas*, out of Jestings,  
Thou needs must tell at my Requesting,  
All the whole Tale of *Troys* condition,  
Since first you troubled were with *Grecian* ;  
*Hector's* great Fights, and *Priam's* Speeches,  
And eke describe *Achilles* breeches,  
How strong he was when he did grapple,  
And if *Tydidies* Horse were dapple.  
Tell me, I say, of *Paris* Lechery,  
The *Grecians* Quarrels, and their Treachery,  
Your Challenges, your Fights, and Battles,  
And how you lost your Goods and Chattles ;  
And to what places you have wander'd  
E'r since you were so basely squander'd.  
All these things would I know most duly,  
Then tell me speedily and truly.

(p) *Infelix Dido, longamque bibebat amorem ;*

(q) *Multa super Priamo rogans, super Hectore multa  
Nunc quibus Auroræ venisset filius armis ;  
Nunc quales Diomedis equi nunc quantum Achilles :  
Imo age, & a prima dic hospes origine nobis ;  
Insidias, inquit, Danaum, casusque tuorum,  
Erroresque tuos, —*

FINIS.

Scarronnides,  
OR,  
VIRGILE  
TRAVESTIE.

---

A MOCK-POEM,

In imitation of the

FOURTH BOOK  
OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNÆIS

*In English Burlesque.*

---

Plin. Ep. 5. l. 1.

*Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quaque proponere.*

---

L O N D O N :

Printed, by F. L. for C. Brome, at the Gun in St. Paul's  
Church-yard. 1691.

Bo

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# VIRGILE

## TRAVESTIE.

### *The Fourth Book.*

IN this Fourth Book we find it written,  
 That *Dido* Queen was deeply smitten;  
 Much taken with the *Trojan's* person,  
 Than which a properer was scarce one:  
 Much of his breeding did she reckon,  
 But that which stab'd her was his weapon,  
 For which she did so scald and burn,  
 That none but he could serve her turn.  
 (b) The Sun, that spruce light-headed Fellow  
 With frizled locks of fanded yellow,

(a) *At Regina gravi jamdudum saucia cura,  
 Vultus alit venis, & caeco carpitur igni.  
 Multa viri virtus animo, multisque recurſat  
 Senuis honos, haerent infixi pectore vultus,  
 Tebaque nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.*  
 (b) *Postera Phoebea lustrabat lampade terras,  
 Invenientemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram,  
 Cum sic unanimem alloquitur maleſana ſororem.*

The windows crept by radiation,  
 Like Son begot in fornication,  
 When *Dido* mad to go to Man,  
 Just thus bespake her Sister *Nan*,  
 (c) I've been all night (quoth she) my *Nancy*,  
 So strangely troubled in my fancy,  
 I could not rest till Morning-peep,  
 Odd dreams have so disturb'd my sleep :  
 (d) What a stout Stripling's this *Aeneas*,  
 That thus hath crost the Seas to see us !  
 I do believe, nay, dare swear for him,  
 No mortal Woman ever bore him :  
 (e) But some great Lady in the Skie,  
 That Nurs'd him up with Furmitie !  
 I hate a base cowardly Drone,  
 Worse than a Rigil with one Stone :  
 But this bold *Trojan* I delight in,  
 (f) How bravely does he talk of Fighting !  
 I tell thee *Nancy*, wer't not that  
 Folks would be apt to talk and prate,  
 Should I so soon new Suiters have,  
 (g) My husband yet scarce cold in's grave ;

(c) *Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent ?*

(d) *Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ;*  
*Quem sese ore ferens ! quem sorti pectore & armis :*

(e) *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus esse Deorum.*  
*Degeneres animos timor arguit.*

—— (f) *Heu ! quibus ille*

*Faustus faris ! Quæ bella exhausta canebas !*

(g) *Ne cui me vincolo possum sociare jugali,*  
*Postquam primus amor, &c.*

*Si non pertæsum thalami tedæque fuisset,*  
*Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpæ.*

And were I not with my first Honey  
Half tyr'd as 'twere with Matrimony.  
I could with this same Youngster tall,  
Find in my heart to try a fall:

(b) I must confess since that sad season,  
*Pygmalion* cut my husbands weazon :  
This only (not to mince the matter)  
Has made my Jiggambob to water,

(i) But may I first, I *Fove* implore,  
Sink thorow this my Chamber-floor,  
Down quick into the Cellers bottom,  
Er I commit the thing you wot on ;  
Or any thing by Lusts suggestion,

(k) That my good name may bring in question.

(l) Which said, she wept in manner ampler,  
Than Girl new whipt for losing Sampler.

*Nam* in her answer was not long,  
For nimble Baggage of her tongue  
She was, (as some would say that knew her,  
As was in that, or next Town to her.)

(m) O Sister dearer to me far,  
Than Sunshine days in harvest are :

(h) *Anna* (fatebor enim) miseri post fata *Sychæi*  
*Conjugis* ; & sparsos fraterna cade penates,  
*Solus hic inflexit sensus animumque labantem*  
*Impulsi* ; agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ

(i) Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscas,  
Aut pater omnipotens adigat me—

(k) Ante pudor quam te violam aut tua jura resolvam :

(l) Sic effata, si num lacrymis implebit eboris,

(m) *Anna* refert—

→ O luce magis dilecta sorori,

E 3

(n) Wilt

(n) Wilt thou (quoth she) O Woman Wood,  
 Still stop the currant of thy blood,  
 And lose the time by vain pretences  
 Of making pretty Boys and Wenches ?  
 Will thou cut Faces evermore  
 For Husband dead, as Nail in dore ?  
 Dost thou believe, thou puling thing,  
 (o) That dead Folks care for whimpering ?  
 (p) Yield, and be naught at last; Y' have plaid  
 The Fool too long, here be it said,  
 And stood too much in your own light,  
 Or long enough ago, you might  
 (q) Have match't your self, and that well too,  
 To rich and proper men enow.  
 What though you have said many nay,  
 Yea, and burnt day-light, as we say,  
 Goodman *Iarbas* here hard by,  
 And others of good Yeomanry;  
 That might have past; because forsooth  
 They could not please your dainty Tooth.

(n) *Solane perpetua marens carpere juventa ?*  
*Nec dulces natos Veneris nec pramia noris ?*  
 (o) *Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos ?*  
 (p) *Esto ; agram nulli quondam flexere mariti ;*  
 (q) *Non Libyæ, non ante Tyro despectus Iarbas,*  
*Ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis*  
*Dives alit, &c.*

(r) Mu

d, (r) Muſt you ſtill mince it at this rate,  
 With one you twitter to be at ?  
 You ne'r conſider what a throng  
 Of ſaucy Knaves you live among.  
 Baſe ill-bred cheating ſurly Currs,  
 Raſcals as falſe as Moor-Landers.  
 ſuch Fellows, as I greatly doubt me,  
 If you no better look about ye,  
 And leave this fooliſh twittle twattle,  
 To match with one may tent your Cattle;  
 Will in ſhort ſpace not leave a Goole,  
 Turkey, or Hen, about the houſe:  
 oo, (s) Your Brother too, he ſwears and curſes  
 About his Money-Bags and Purſes.  
 (t) I do believe that *Jove* and *Juno*,  
 Whom all the World, and I, and you know)  
 Have ever been your faithful Friends  
 For ſome moſt ſecret courteous ends.  
 Over blew *Neptunes* bouncing Ferries,  
 Have hither ſent theſe *Trojans* Wherries.  
 Oh, were theſe *Trojans* marry'd to us,  
 How oft, and ably would they do us!

---

—(r) *Placitone etiam pugnabis amori?*  
*Non venit in mentem, quorum confederis arvis?*  
*Hinc Getulæ urbes, genus in uperabile bello,*  
*Et Numidæ infræni cingunt, & inhospita Syrtis*  
*Hinc —*  
*Barcæi —*

(s) *Germanique minas----*  
 (t) *Diis equidem auspiciis reor, & Junone ſecunda*  
*Hinc curſum Iliacas vento tenuiſſe carinas.*

Mu

(u) What a fine Town would ours be then,  
How bravely stor'd with lusty Men!

Then without any more ado,  
Sister say Grace, and so fall to:

They in good manners ten to one,  
Will make an offer to be gone;  
And rather trust their rotten Barges,  
Then stay to put you to more charges:

(\*) But you may make 'um at command,  
As easily stay as kiss your hand.

(x) Can you not tell 'um that the weather  
'S too cold, or hot (no matter whether)  
Their Scullers torn and shatterd so,  
That they must mend 'um e're they go;  
And in conclusion with good reason  
Wish 'um t' expect a better season.

(y) With such like documents as these are,  
Which the young Slut knew best would please her,  
Nancy so tickled up her Grace,  
That *Dido* scarce knew where she was.  
Nay some affirm a dangerous matter,  
Shed much ado to hold her water:

(u) *Quam tu urbem soror hanc cernes! qua surgens regna  
Conjugio tali! Teucrum comitantibus armis  
Punica se tantis attollet gloria rebus!*

(\*) *Tu modo———  
Indulge hospitio causasque innecte morandi,  
Indum pelago deservit hyems, & aquosus Orion  
Divitaeque rates, nondum tractabile caelum.*

(.) *His dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore,  
Speremque dedit dubie———*



and counsel'd in that tempting strain,  
wonder how she could contain :  
But certain 'tis, that this advice  
wrought upon this Widow nice,  
That she, who Maid, Widow and Wife,  
had priz'd her Honour, 'bove her Life ;  
(c) Now car'd no more for her good Name,  
Than any common Trading Dame.  
(d) But to the Church (forsooth) anon,  
That matters might go better on,  
Like People o'th' Phanatick fry,  
Whose Sanctity's Hypocrisie)  
They must, and slipping on their Pattens,  
They went, as who should say to Mattens:  
Thither now come, fair *Dido* squats  
Her Bum on Haslock made of Mats :  
For you must know, as Story says,  
Queens, like the godly in these days,  
In manner insolent and slighty,  
Disdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.  
But *Anna* who was but a Spinster,  
Kneel'd low on Stones as hard as Flints are ;  
Their eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their Bodies  
To this, and t' other God and Goddess,  
(b) To *Ceres*, *Phæbus* and *Lyæus*,  
And twenty harder names than \* *Tbe*, as.

\* A figure  
so new, that  
modern Au-  
thors have  
yet no name  
for it.

(2) *Menti solvitque pudorem.*

(a) *Principio Delubra adeunt, pacemque per aros  
exquirunt.*

(b) *Legifera Cereri, Phœboque, patrique Lyzo :*

(c) But

And

(c) But *Fumo* had most veneration,  
 As she was Queen of Copulation,  
 Prayers being done, up *Dido* rose,  
 And to the Priest demurely goes;  
 She gently pulls him by the garment,  
 The reverend Type of his preferment,  
 And with most gracious looks and speeches,  
 To borrow a word or two beseeches.  
 The Priest bow'd low in aukward wise,  
 As 'tis you know Sir *Roger's* guise,  
 And in obsequious manner told her,  
 Her Grace with him might make much bolder.

This Priest was held a mighty Clark,  
 In mysteries profound and dark;  
 (\*) Had skill in Physick, and wasable  
 To tell Folks Fortunes by their Table.  
 Him she conjures, intreats, and prays,  
 With all the cunning that she has,  
 Greases his Fist; nay more, engages  
 Thenceforth to mend his Quarters wages,  
 If he would but resolve the doubt  
 That she then came to him about.  
 But 't had been vain, had he been wiser,  
 Or to instruct, or to advise her,  
 (d) Alas, poor Priest! how fruitless is't  
 To judge by *Phys'nomy* or *Fist*.

(c) *Fuoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia cura.*  
*Ipsa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido, &c.*

(\*) *Spirantia consulit exta*

(d) *Heu vacuum ignara mentes, quid vota furentem.*  
*Quid Delubra juvant? est mollis flamma medullas*  
*Insere, & tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.*

Or what do Prophecies avail,  
When Women have a whisk i'th' Tail?

(e) *Dido* for love in woful wife,  
Bubbles, and boils, and broils, and fries,  
And in her am'rous Moods and Tenses,  
Even like one out of her senses :

About the Town she runs and reels,  
With all the School-boyes at her heels:

So have I seen in Pastures fair,  
Where Cattle educated are :

(f) An Heifer young when she doth itch.  
With *Gad-breexe* sticking in her breech,

From shady Brake on sudden rise,  
And with her Tail erect to th' skies,

(g) Run through the field with frisks and kicks,  
In various capreols and tricks,  
Some ease poor thing, alas, to find ;

(b) When lo, the Sting sticks fast behind :

One while she takes her (i) lusty Lover,  
Meaning her passion to discover ;

She leads him out from place to place,  
And shews him all that e'r she has ;

Discloses all her secret wealth,  
And says, if *Jove* send life and health,

---

(e) *Uritur infelix Dido, totaque vagatur  
Urbe furens*——

—— (f) *Qualis coniecta cerva sagitta.  
Quam procul &c.*

—— (g) *Illa fuga sylvas saltusque peragrat:*

—— (h) *Hæret lateri letalis arundo.*

(i) *Nunc media Æneam secum per mœnia ducit :  
Idoniasque ostendit opes, urbemque paratam.*

That

That she (though simply there she stand)  
 Will make that Living as good Land,  
 If she continue but a while on't,  
 As any lies within five mile on't.  
 Then she (k) begins to mump and smatter,  
 Willing to break into the mater,  
 And ask the question, when (alas)  
 To see how things will come to pass  
 When she most fain would break her mind,  
 She sooner could by half break wind,  
 Than speak a word, Virtue forsooth,  
 And modesty so stopt her mouth  
 (l) Over and over then she treats  
 Him, and his Mates, with suncry meats,  
 Whil'st *Trojans* round besiege her boards,  
 Merry as *Greeks*, and drunk as Lords.  
 When sure as e'er they sit to Table,  
 She calls again to hear *Troy's* Fable :  
 Nay lov'd it so, that she 'tis said,  
 The Ballad then of *Troy-Town* made.  
 We owe her for't, and let us pay't her ;  
 Who English'd it, was her Translator.  
 (n) Now when with raking up the fire  
 Each one departs to *Bedfordshire* :

(k) *Incipit effari, mediaque in voce resistit,*

(l) *Nunc eadem labente die convivia querit :*

(m) *Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores  
 Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrans ab ore.*

(n) *Post ubi digressi, lumenque obscura vicissim  
 Luna premit ; suadentque cadentia sidera somnos :*

And pillows all securely snort on,  
 Like Organists of fain'd *Hogs-Norton* ;  
 (o) *Dido*, poor Queen, alone doth lye,  
 Dreaming on true-loves *Phys'nommy* :  
 And in that humour she the small  
 (p) *Ascanius* takes, *Troy's Juvenal* ;  
 And in her lap on tuft of Sorrel,  
 Laying the little wanton Gorrel,  
 Oft would she sighing say, *This Lad*,  
*Ob that he were but like his Dad!*

This life the woful *Dido* led,  
 Eke at her Board, and eke at Bed,  
 (q) Her Housewifery no more regarding,  
 Neither her spinning nor her carding ;  
 But like a Dame of wits bereaven,  
 Let all things go at six and seven.

Which when Queen *Juno* (for these two  
 Were Clove and Orange you must know)  
 Perceiv'd, and that, than blind cheeks blinder,  
 She threw all care and shame behind her :

---

(o) *Sola domo mæret vacua, stratisque relictis*  
*Incubat -----*

(p) *Aus gremio Ascanium, genitoris imagine capta*  
*Desinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem.*

(q) *Non cæptæ assurgunt turres, non arma juvenus*  
*Exercet portusve aut propugnacula bello*  
*Tuta parant ; Pendent opera interrupta, minæque*  
*Murorum ingentes; æquataque machina cælo,*  
*Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri*  
*Chæra Jovis conjux, nec famam obstare furori ;*  
*Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis :*

She

- She *Venus* in these words accoasts,  
 (r) You, and your Son may make your boasts,  
 With shame enough, that god and goddess,  
 Like sublunary Busie-bodies,  
 To make a Woman light as Feather,  
 Do lay your learned heads together.  
 (s) 'Twas not for nought that I was ever  
 Afraid of your two coming hither:  
 You, and your little blinking Urchin  
 Against this Town have still been lurching.  
 (t) But when shall we give o're this pother,  
 And leave off vexing one another?  
 Be thou but mine, I'll be thy Friend,  
 (u) Let's marry 'um, and there's an end.  
 Thou hast thy wish, thy little Archer  
 Has made our *Dido* mad as March-hare.  
 Then let us all old quarrels quit,  
 Leave being such a peevish Tit:  
 (x) *Troy* Lads shall marry *Tyrian* Lasses,  
 And we will be as merry as passers.

- 
- (r) *Tuque puerque tuus: magnum & memorabile nomen,  
 Una dolo divum si fœmina victa duorum est.*  
 (s) *Nec meo adeo fallit, veritam te mœnia nostra  
 Suspectas habuisse domos Carthaginis altæ.*  
 (t) *Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?*  
 (u) *Quin potius pacem æternam, pactosque Hymenæos  
 Exercemus? habes tota quod mente petisti.*  
*Ardet amans Dido, traxitque per ossa furorem:*  
*Communem hunc ergo populum paribusque rogamus*  
*Auspiciis*——  
 ——(x) *liceat Phrygio servire marito,*  
*Dotalesque sue Tyrios permittere dextræ:*



g) Venus who knew she did but glaver,  
For all the fine smooth words she gave her,  
And proffer'd love's not worth a Cow-turd,  
(You know) if spoke but from Teeth outward,  
z) Like cunning Quean in smiles array'd her,  
And in her own Coin thus she paid her.

O Juno Queen, Joves Bedfellow,  
Who here above, or who below,

(a) With thee would quarrel or contend,  
And not still rest thy loving Friend?

I like the motion well, but that

(b) There's one main thing I stumble at;  
And that in downright truth is this,

(Jove pardon if I think amiss,)

I am afraid (this doubt I put ye

Indeed-law now is something smutty)

But I the scruple must not smother;

(Women you know, to one another

May freely speak (here be't said

'Twixt you and me) am sore afraid,

My Son's so big, (which rarely falls)

About his —, and Genitals,

That I am half afraid lest he

Should chance to spoil her Majesty.

(y) Olli (*sensit enim simulata mente locutam*)

(z) Sic contra est ingressa Venus —

(a) Quis talia demens

Abnuat? aut tecum malit contendere bello?

(b) Si modo quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur;

Sed fati incerta feror; Si Jupiter unam

Esse velit —

(c) At

Venus

(c) At that Queen *Juno* smil'd and said,  
 Of that (Wench) never be afraid,  
 For if they once do come together,  
 He'll find that *Dido's* reaching leather :  
 If then that *Dido* and thy Son,  
 To do as other Folks have done,

(d) Thou give consent : (mark) and in few words  
 Which shall be friendly words and true words  
 I'll tell thee how I've cast about,  
 And laid a Plot to bring 'um to't.

(e) To morrow e'r the Sun (Heaven blefs him)  
 Can see to rise, at least to dress him,  
*Aeneas* and the Queen have made,  
 (The Queen and he I should have said)

A match to go after her wonting,  
 Into the Woods a Squirrel hunting :  
 Now I, whil'st all on every side,  
 The Thickets round are occupi'd,  
 And eagerly their Game are following,  
 As Hunters use, whooping and hollowing :

(f) Will cause big-bellied Clouds to pour  
 Upon their Coxcombs such a shower,

———(c) *Quam sic excipit Regia Juno,*  
*Mecumerit iste labor :*

----- (d) *Nunc qua ratione, quod instat,*  
*Confiteri possit, paucis (adverse) docebo.*

(e) *Venatum Aeneas, unaque miserrima Dido*  
*In nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus*  
*Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem.*

(f) *His ego nigrantem commissa grandine nimbis,*  
*Dum trepidant ala, saltusque indagine cingunt,*  
*Desuper infundam----*

And will with rain and hail so clout 'um,  
 They 't not have one dry thred about 'um.  
 (g) Besides such thunder-claps shall burst out,  
 As some of 'um shall smell the worse for't.  
 (h) *Trojans* and *Tyrians* helter-skelter,  
 Will then all run to seek for shelter.  
 Then each one there will shift for one,  
 And leave the Queen and him alone.  
 (i) *Dido* and *Dildo* in this case  
 Shall find a Cave as fit a place  
 For such an use, so fine and dark,  
 That if *Aeneas* be a Spark,  
 They there in spight of all foul weather,  
 May take a gentle touch together :  
 So each of other may have proof,  
 (k) And marry after time enough.  
*Venus* who very well could fadom  
 The bottom of this subtle Madam,  
 Soon smelt her practice, and her art  
 As strong as she had let a fart :  
 Yet that she might her malice blind,  
 And fit the Lady in her kind,  
 (l) Shee seems her free consent to give,  
 And trips it, laughing in her sleeve.

— (g) & tonitru cœlum omne ciebo.

(h) Diffugient comites, & nocte regentur opaca.

(i) Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojanus eandem  
 Deveniant : adero, & tua si mihi certa voluntas,  
 Connubio jungam, &c.

(k) — stabuli propriamque dicabo :  
 Hic Hymenaus erit—

— (l) Non adversata petenti  
 Annuit, atque dolis risit Cytherœa repertis.

(m) Mean while the Sun as it his course is,  
 Got up to dress and water's Horses;  
 VVhen out the merry hunters come,  
 \* A very VVith them a Fellow with a Drum \*,  
 necessary-In- Your Tyrian Squirrels will not budge else,  
 strument in Squirril- VVell arm'd they were (n) with staves and  
 hunting. cudgels;

Tykes too they had of all sorts, (o) Bando  
 Curs, Spaniels, VVater-dogs, and Land-dog

(p) These for the Queen expecting tarry,  
 VVho longer lay than ordinary;

For she at night could take no ease,  
 She had been bit so sore with Fleas.

(q) Her Mare well trapt of her own spinning  
 Ty'd to the Pales stood likewise whinnying;

For why (as Poets sing the Fable)

Her Foal was bolted up i'th' Stable.

(r) At last she sallies from the house,  
 As fine and brisk as Body-louse.

(s) She Hood and Safe-guard had bran new  
 The Lace was yellow, Cloth was blew:

---

(m) Oceanum interea surgens aurora reliquit :  
 It portis jubare exerto delecta juvenus :  
 Retia rara, plage—

—(n) Lato venabula ferro,

—(o) Et odora canum vis.

(p) Reginam Thalamo cunctantem, & limina primi  
 Panorum expectant.

—(q) Ostroque insignis & auro  
 Stat senipes, ac frana ferox spumantia mandit.

(r) Tandem progreditur. —

(s) Sydoniam picto chlamydem circumdata lymbo,

Fast to her Girdle, ty'd with thong,  
 (t) A Bunch of Keys compleatly hung:  
 For why, well knew the thrifty Queen,  
 That Servants still have slippery been:  
 VVhich made her careful of her pelf,  
 Evermore keep her Keys her self.  
 (u) VVith her *Iulus* came, that Stripling,  
 A Youth e'n spoil'd for want of whipping;  
 For's Father and his foolish Grannam  
 Had ever made a VVanton on him:  
 (x) But when his Sire appear'd in play,  
 Mounted upon his Galloway,  
 'Tis said by some that better knew him,  
 The rest look't like Tooth-drawers to him:  
 (y) No sprightly Groom so trim and trick is,  
 That just upon Preferment prick is,  
 (z) As was *Aeneas*, Stories say,  
 VVhen clad in Cloaths of Holy-day.  
 His Breeches sav'd from *Troy's* combustion  
 VVere Kendal, and his Doublet Fustian;

(t) *Cui pharetra ex auro—*

*Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.*

——(u) *& latus Iulus,*

——(x) *ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes*

*Infert se socium Aeneas—*

(y) *Qualis ubi hybernâ Lyciam Xanthique fluentes*

*Deserit, ac Delum maternum inuisit Apollo,*

*Instauratque choras:—*

——(z) *Mollique fluentem*

*Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat auro:*

——*Haud illo segnior ibat*

*Aeneas, tantum egregio decus enitet ore.*

Pinkt with most admirable grace,  
 And richly laid with green silk lace.  
 (a) Athwart his brawny shoulders came  
 A Bauldrick made, and trim'd with th' fame;  
 VWhere Twibil hung with Basket-hilt,  
 Grown rusty now, but had been gilt:  
 Or guilty else of many a thwack,  
 VWith Dudgeon Dagger at his back.  
 Upon his head he wore a hat,  
 Instead of Sattin, fac'd with fat,  
 VWhich being limber grown, we find  
 Most swashingly pinn'd up behind;  
 VWith brooch as gawdy and as tall  
 As every foremost horse of all.

In best apparel thus array'd,  
 They now begin their Cavalcade  
 Towards the woods, (b) where being e'r long  
 Arriv'd, (for 'twas not past a Furlong  
 From Carthage, as the Learn'd compute it,  
 And let who has been there, confute it)  
 They every way disperse themselves,  
 To watch the little nimble Elves;  
 As who should say, Come this, or that way,  
 I' other or any way, have at ye.

The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,  
 And all the people fall a shouting,  
 Such Peals they gave of Men and Boys,  
 A man could hardly hear for noise;

(a) *Tela sonant bumeris*——

(b) *Postquam altos ventum in montes, atque invia saxa,*  
*Ecce jera saxi dejecta vertice*——



Nay *Dido* Queen they swore that heard it,  
Shouted as loud as any there did.

(c) The frighted Squirrels stumps belabor  
As they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabor ;  
Skipping and leaping in their Dances  
From Tree to Tree o'r boughs and branches,  
Now on the utmost top, and then,  
At one leap at the root again.

(d) But young *Ascanius*, hopes o'th' house,  
Car'd not for Squirrelling a Louse ;  
For he's, whilst they are at the chase,  
Playing at *Hide and Seek*, or *Base*,  
Among his Mates, and wishes rather,  
(And so the Stripling told his Father)  
For naughty Vermin, that would bite him,  
Or throstle neast, though't did —

(e) Mean while the Clouds began to clatter,  
And to pour down whole pails of water ,

(c) *Decurrere jugis ; alia de parte patentes  
transmittunt cursu campos, atque agmina (cervi)  
Palverulenta fuga, glomerant, montemque relinquunt.*

(d) *At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri  
gaudet equo, jamque hos cursu, jam præterit illos :  
sumantemque dari (pecora inter inertia) votis  
optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.*

(e) *Interea magno misceri murmure cælum  
incipit ; —*

The Thunder quite out-roar'd the Drum,  
 (f) And hail-stones bigger than ones thumb,  
 Came pelting down. Then all to save 'um,  
 Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'um,  
 VVhilst young *Ascanius* and his Mates,  
 VVere washt and dasht like VVater-rats.  
 Fair *Dido* then for all her whoops  
 Bang'd her old Mare about the Stoops,  
 And jogg'd her Buttocks, though a Queen,  
 For fear of being wet to th' skin ;  
 Nay ev'n *Aeneas* self, forgetting  
 His Reputation, shrunk i'th' wetting,  
 And ran, or would have done at least,  
 But that his Horse, a sober Beast,  
 Proceeded slow, with motion grave,  
 And crav'd the Spur, in care to save  
 His Masters neck, as some suppose,  
 Though his care was to save his Cloaths.  
 He spur'd ; nor yet was *Dido* idle,  
 For gingle, gingle, went her Bridle,  
 (g) Till Fortune, or Dame *Juno* rather,  
 Clapt 'um into a Cave together.

The Cave so darksom was, that I do  
 Think *Joan* had been as good as *Dido* :

---

— (f) *Insequitur commista grandine nimbus.  
 Et Tyrii comites passim, & Trojana juvenus,  
 Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros  
 Tectâ metu petiere ; ruunt de montibus amnes.*

— fulces ignes —  
 (g) *Speluncam Dido, dux & Troianus eandem  
 Deveniunt ; prima & Tellus & pronuba Juno  
 Dant signum —*

at so it was, in that hole they  
 grew intimate, as one may say ;  
 the Queen was blithe, as Bird in Tree,  
 and bill'd as wantonly, while he  
 By hinlock seeking fast occasion,  
 dapt into *Dido's* conversation :  
 and in that very place and season,  
 'Tis thought *Aeneas* did her reason.  
 This sport of mischief much was cause,  
 for sweet meat will have sowre sauce ;  
 and they their time in Cave so spending,  
 beginning was of *Dido's* ending.  
 Her Majesty now no more nice is ;  
 Nor seeks she now by fine devices  
 To hide her shame, but leads a life,  
 as if they had been (l) Man and Wife.  
 At this a Wench call'd *Fame* flew out  
 To all the good Towns round about.  
 This *Fame* was Daughter to a Cryer,  
 That Whilom liv'd in *Carthage-shire*,

(h) *Conscius æther*

*Conjugii*

(i) *Illā dies primus lethi, primusque malorum  
 Causa fuit*

(k) *Neque enim specie famæ movetur.  
 Nec jam furtivum Dido mediatur amorem.*

(l) *Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.*

(m) *Exemplo Lybiæ magnas it fama per urbes :*

*Fama*

(n) A little prating Slut, no higher,  
 VWhen *Dido* first arriv'd at *Tyre*,  
 Than this—— But in a few years space  
 Grown up a lusty strapping Lads.

A long and lazy Quean I ween,  
 She was, brought up to sow, nor spin,  
 Nor any kind of housewifery,  
 To get an honest living by;

(o) But sauntred idly up and down,  
 From house to house, and Town to Town,  
 To spie and listen after News,  
 VWhich she so mischievously brews,  
 That still what e'r she sees or hears,  
 Sets Folks together by the ears.

(p) This Baggage that still took a pride to  
 Slander and back-bite poor Queen *Dido*;  
 Because the Queen once on detection,  
 Sent her to th' Mansion of Correction.  
 (q) Glad she had got this tale by th'end,  
 Runs me about to Foe and Friend;

(n) *Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras;  
 Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit,  
 Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.*

——(o) *Pedibus celerem, & pernicibus alis;  
 Cui tot vigiles oculi——*

*Tot lingua, toridem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.*

(p) *Monstrum horrendum, ingens——*

(q) *Hac tum multiplici populos sermone replebat,  
 Gaudens——*

(r) And

ce  
And tells 'um that a Fellow came  
rom *Troy*, or such a kind of name,  
To *Tyre*, about a Fortnight since,  
Whom *Dido* feasted like a Prince:  
Was with her always, day and night,  
For could endure him from her sight,  
And that 'twas thought she meant to marry  
him,  
) At this rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd  
carrion!  
(t) At last she does t' *Iarbas* go,  
) She never in such things was slow;  
and tells him all. Now this *Iarbas*,  
or *Dido's* love was in a hard case,  
and had been long. Oft did he wo her,  
and did the best he could do to her:  
ut still in vain he broke his mind,  
Twas throwing stones against the wind;  
or though she wise and wealthy knew him,  
*Dido* had nothing to say to him.  
Tis true, the Field he had groat Flocks on,  
sheep, Goats and Cows, Horses and Oxen;

) *Venisse Æneam Trojano a sanguine cretum ;*  
*et se pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido.*

*hic hyemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere,*  
*ignorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.*

) *Hæc passim dea fœda virum diffundit in ora.*

) *Protinus at regem cursus detorquet Iarbam :*

) *Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.*

*et Ammone satus —*

*mentum aras posuit —*

*— Pecudumque cruore*

*aque solum & variis florentia limina certis.*

And

VVith

With many store, and other riches :  
 But one foul flaw he had in's Breeches  
 Spoil'd all ; For she had heard the thing,  
 One time as she was Gossiping :  
 As in such matters, while you live,  
 Women will be inquisitive :  
 Which was, that he (as Story tells)  
 A Rupture had in's Testicles.  
 Which was enough to make her hate him,  
 Nay even as 'twere abominate him.  
 When Fame had told him of the Trojan,  
 (y) Iarbas took it in such dudgeon,  
 Such high abuse, and evil part,  
 He almost could have found in's heart  
 T'ave tane his Knife, and in that Passion  
 Whipt off his Tools of Generation,  
 And thought t'ave don't : but did not yet,  
 Like one that had in's anger wit :  
 But since to curse it was no boot,  
 VVould try if praying would not do't,  
 (z) And therefore thus in heavy cheer,  
 Made his Case known to Jupiter.  
 (a) O Jupiter most great and able,  
 VVhose health I every day at Table  
 Drink once or twice ! Dost thou (O where is  
 Thy sight ! ) not see, what doings here is !

(y) *Isque amens animi, & rumore accensus amaro.*

(z) *Dicitur anse aras* ———

*Multa Jovem manibus supplex orasse supinis ;*

(a) *Jupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maursia piisq;  
 Gens epulata toris Leneum libat honorem,  
 Aspicis hæc ? an te genitor cum fulmina torques,  
 Nequicquam horremus ?*

(b) Shall



g, Shall we when thou thunderst, dost think,  
as to sowre all our drink ;  
d when the Clouds in Storms do burst,  
et care, but bid thee do thy worst !  
) A wandring VVoman that had scarce  
Rag to hang upon her ——  
Then she came hither first; and wou'd  
ve then been glad to —— for food.  
m, now forsooth, so proud ( what else ! )  
, and stands so on her pantables,  
) That she has said me nay most slightly,  
d ( on the very nonce to spite me )  
as marry'd a spruce Youth they say,  
Whom some ill wind blew that away )  
ne Squire *Aeneas*, that great Kelf,  
ome wandring hangman Like her self:  
ct, ) And now this Swabber, by the maskins,  
hunders up *Dido's* Gally-Gaskins,  
Whilst I ( for still thou deafish art to't )  
ay pray, and pray, and pray my heart out;

is —— (b) *Cæcique in nubibus ignes*  
*grificant animos* ——

—— *Et inania murmura miscent :*

2) *Famina, quæ nostris errant in finibus* ——

—— (d) *Connubia nostra*  
*ppulit, ac dominum Æneam in regna recepit.*

3) *Et nunc ille Paris* ——

—— *Rapto potitur; nos munera templis*  
*quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.*

(f) Thus

(f) Thus wofully *Iarbas* pray'd,  
 VVhilst *Jove* heard every word he said;  
 And turning strait his Eyes to *Tyre*,  
 To look for *Dido*, and her Squire,  
 All in a Chamber finely matted,  
 He very fairly spy'd 'um at it.  
 At which, as 'twere, somewhat in fury,  
 He calls his nimble youth *Mercury*,  
 (g) And thus bespake him; Sirrah, hear ye  
 Put on the wings that use to bear ye,  
 And cut away to *Carthage* quickly,  
 VVhere th'*Trojan* does with the great — lie  
 (h) Tell him from me, that his smug Mother  
 Did pass her word that he another  
 Manner of life and conversation  
 Should lead, and leave this occupation.  
 (i) Or twice the Grecian Cavaleers  
 Had beaten's brains about his ears,

(f) *Talibus orantem dictis, arasque tenentem*  
*Audiit omnipotens; oculisque ad mœnia torsit*  
*Regia, & oblitos fama melioris amantes.*

(g) *Tunc sic Mercurium alloquitur, ac talia mandat,*  
*Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, & labere pennis,*  
*Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Carthagine qui nunc*  
*Exspectat——*

*Alloquere, & celeres, defer mea dicta per auras.*

(h) *Non illum nobis generix pulcherrima talem*  
*Promisit——*

—— (i) *Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis.*

for this : and telling him more (\*) that he,  
 who means to conquer *Italy*,  
 must with his work go thorow stiches,  
 and not run hunting after Bitches :  
 ( ) But if he will not venture's Pate,  
 rap or two for an Estate,  
 by his pranks it doth appear,  
 ( ) Methinks tho he might do't for's Heir :  
 ( ) Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,  
 to spend his time thus among Queans ;  
 not minding mischiefs, nor mishaps,  
 nor fearing *Dido's* after-claps.  
 ( ) Bid him be trudging he were best ;  
 I come to him, I protest,  
 I send him packing else such new-ways,  
 I shall remember me these two days.  
 ( ) This said, *Jove* need not bid him twice,  
 way he trips it in a trice,

( ) *Sed fore qui gravidam imperiis belloque frementem*  
*liam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucri*  
*ederet, & totum sub leges mitteret orbem :*  
 ( ) *Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,*  
*et super ipse sua molitur laude laborem.*  
 ( ) *Ascanione pater Romanas invidit arces,*  
*et prolem Ausoniam, & Lavinia respicit arva ?*  
 ( ) *Quid struit ? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur ?*  
 ( ) *Naviget : hæc summa est, hic nostri nuncius esto,*  
 ( ) *Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat*  
 perio

(p) To make him ready to be gone :  
 And first his Pumps he fastned on ;  
 VVhich being neatly pinkt and cut,  
 And finely fitted to his foot :  
 Had wings ty'd on with thongs of leather  
 Or taching ends, I know not whether,  
 VVhich he could flie withal as well,  
 As he'd been brought up to't from th' Inn  
 (q) Then in his hand he takes a thick Bat,  
 VVith which he us'd to play at Kit-cat;  
 To beat mens apples from their Trees,  
 VVith Twenty other Rogueries ;  
 Besides (as Rakehells will abuse days)  
 To throw at Cocks upon *Shrove-Tuesday*.  
 (r) Thus dight, he like a Partridge springs  
 Cutting the air with nimble wings :  
 'Twas well his care had ty'd 'um fast,  
 Else ten to one he'd flown his last :  
 No Swallow could have overgone him,  
 He flew as if a Hawk had flown him,  
 Until he saw a very high hill,  
 A higher hill by far than my hill ;

———(p) *Et primum pedibus tellaria nectit  
 Aurea : quæ sublimem alis sive aquora supra,  
 Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.*  
 (q) *Tum virgam capit ; hac animas ille evocat Orco.  
 Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit,  
 Dat somnos adimitque & lumina morte resignat.*  
 (r) *L'la fretus agit ventos, & turbida tranat  
 Nubila——*

(s) At

- (i) *Atlas* 'twas call'd ; ſo high a one  
That *Pen-men-maure*'s a Cherry-ſtone  
Compar'd : You could not thruſt a Knife  
Twixt Heaven and it, to ſave your life ;  
(t) It props the Sky, as *Virgil* marks,  
Or elſe 'tis thought we ſhould have Larks :  
(n) Here firſt did *Mercury* alight,  
To bait; and reſt him after's flight ;  
Where having prun'd his heels a little,  
And ſmooth'd his Plumes with \*faſting ſpittle, \* 'Tis con-  
(x) From thence he took another freak, ceived he  
As if he meant to break his neck. did that  
(y) Even as a Hawk her ſelf doth carry before he  
From Kill-ducks place to ſtop her Quarry : baited.  
So *Mercury* to mortal view,  
Himſelf from *Atlas* headlong threw.  
Stones caſt by fam'd *Parifian* ſlinger,  
Compar'd to him, would ſeem to linger ;  
And arrows loos'd from *Grub-ſtreet* Bow  
In *Finsbury*, to him are ſlow :

(s) *Jamque volans apicem, & latera ardua cernit*  
*Atlantis duri* —

—(t) *Cælum qui vertice fulcit.*

(u) *Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis*  
*conſtitit* : —

(x) — *Hæc toto præceps ſe corpore ad undas*  
*diſcit* ; —

(y) *Vi ſimilis quæ circum littora circum*  
*Piſcoſos ſcopulos humilis volat aquora juxta :*  
*ſaud aliter terras inter, cælumq; volabat*  
*litus arenosum Lybiæ, ventosq; ſecabat.*

Nay

Nay Lightning darted from above,  
 With flaming Tail from angry Jove,  
 Would in comparison appear,  
 To creep like lazie Loyterer :

(z) The first place after this vagary  
 He lighted on, was *Dido's Dairy* ;  
 Whence he *Aeneas* soon did spie,  
 Ord'ring her Highness Husbandry :  
 He took upon him as her Spouse,  
 And vapour'd like the Man o'th' house ;  
 For all that time, as't came to pass,  
 In quarrel high engag'd he was,  
 And ready in his fumigation,  
 (As Histories do make relation)  
 To fall to Logger-heads, as't appears,  
 With a few sawcy Carpenters,  
 Who building were an House of Ease,  
 For *Dido* in necessities :

They would not follow his advice,  
 (As Workmen still are over-wise)  
 Which made him foam, and flirt out spitt  
 Because they made the holes too little.  
 (a) Down hanging by his side he had  
 A dangerous bright-brown flashing Blade,  
 'T had been new furbusht up at Tyre,  
 A better never pass'd the Fire.

(z) *In primum alatis tetigit Magnalia plantis ;  
 Aeneam fundantem arces, ac testa novantem  
 Conspicit* ———

—(a) *Illi stellatus jaspide salva  
 Ensis erat* ———



# Book IV. *Travestie.*

95

b) Upon his back he had a Jerk in  
Lin'd through, and through, with sable Merkin:

Given as a Present by the Queen:

It had indeed her Husbands been;

But neither by the nap, nor tearing,

Was it a pin the worse for wearing.

This (as of either Queen or King,

Vile People will be censuring)

Was given *Aneas* for a Charm,

And though the Queen might think no harm,

Yet some have giv'n a parlous hint

Of a strange hidden virtue in't,

Equip't thus fine, *Mercury* found him,

c) And roundly in his ear thus round him.

Thou here thy self most busie makes,

In building for the Queen a Jakes,

But never think'st, such is thy wiseness,

What shall become of thine own business;

The Thunder-thumper, who by threaves,

Makes men to quake like Aspen-leaves;

d) He whom the rest o'th' Gods to honour,

Has sent me from *Olympus* Mannor.

---(b) *Tyrioque ardebat murice Læna*

*Demissa ex humeris: Dives quæ munera Dido*

*tercerat, & tenui telas discreverat auro.*

c) *Continuo invadit: tu nunc Carthaginis alta*

*fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxoribus urbem*

*extruis, (heu) regni rerumque oblitæ tuarum,*

*Ipsæ deum tibi me clârô demittit Olympo*

*regnator, cælum & terras qui numine torquet.*

d) *Ipse hæc ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras,*

*Quid struis? aut qua spe Lybicus teris otia terris?*

G

To

To ask thee what thou dost intend,  
Thy time thus wickedly to spend;  
And loyter here like a hum-drum,  
Not caring what thou dost, nor whom.

(e) He says, though fearful, as a stranger,  
Thy Coxcomb thou'lt not bring in danger,  
To mend thy state, nor get thy living  
By any honest way of thriving:

(care)

(f) He thinks though thou might'st take some  
Of him that is thy Son and Heir,  
And not thrash here like Bore unworthy,  
When he has made provision for thee.

(g) Mercury vanish, having spoke as  
Y'have heard; like any *Hocus-Pocus*,  
And homeward did forthwith aspire,  
Nor ever stay'd to drink at *Tyre*.

(h) But *Don Aeneas* at the Vision  
Was in a very sad condition;  
He could not speak to Foe or Friend,  
And eke his hair did stand on end

(c) *Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum  
Nec super ipse tua---&c---*

(f) *Ascanium surgentem, & spes heredis Iuli  
Respice: cui regnum Italia, Romanaque tellus  
Debentur---*

---(g) *Tali Cyllenius ore locutus,  
Mortales visus medio sermone reliquit,  
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram:*

(h) *At vero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens,  
Arrestaque horrere comae, & vox faucibus haesi.*

So stiff, it thrust his hat so far  
 Above his head into the air,  
 That a great Turkey might have flown  
 Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown  
 Half-frighted out on's little wit,  
 (i) He now had Eggs (i'faith) o'th' Spit,  
 Till he was gone : (k) But how (alas ! )  
 To break the matter to her Grace,  
 He knew no more, the bashful Groom,  
 Than did the furthest man of *Rome*,  
 (l) Nor could he frame him to begin,  
 T' appease that loving soul the Queen ;  
 For nought more vexes Womens blouds,  
 Than to be left so in the suds.  
 In this quandary, scratching's Sate,  
 After a pensive long debate  
 He calls, at last, his Fellow Rake-hells,  
 (n) And bids 'um get their tools and tackles,  
 Aboard their VVherries, and be heedful  
 To lay in all things that were needful,

(i) *Ardet abire fuga---*

(k) *Heu ! quid agat ?---*

(l) *Quo nunc Reginam ambire furentem  
 Audeat affatu ? quæ prima exordia sumat ;  
 Atque animum nunc hic celerem, nunc dividit illuc,  
 In partesque rapit varias---*

(m) *Classem aptent taciti, socios ad litora cogant,  
 Arma parent,-----*

Especially meat : (o) but stow it  
 So secretly, that none might know it ;  
 That on occasion in a trice Sir,  
 They might be gone, and none the wiser ;  
 And since he humbly did conceive,  
 To steal away and take no leave,  
 Would be uncivil, and enough  
 To tear a heart though made of Buff :  
 He was resolv'd to take the Queen,  
 (p) When set upon some merry pin,  
 And tell her plain with Vows most fervent,  
 He was her Graces humble Servant.

(q) But *Dido*, *Carthage* Queen (for who  
 Can think to cheat a Woman so ?)  
 Was soon, I warrant you, aware  
 O'th' slippery trick he meant to play her.  
 'Tis true she ever had been jealous  
 Of all such vagrant kind of Fellows,  
 And kept her things safe under Lock,  
 E'r since the stealing of her Smock :  
 But now to add unto her fear,  
 She had it buz'd into her ear  
 (r) By that mischievous prating Whore,  
*Fame*, that I told you of before ;

---(o) *Et quæ sit rebus causa novandis,*  
*Disimulent : quando interea optima Dido*  
*Nesciat : ---*

---(p) *Et quæ molliissima fandi*  
*Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus---*

(q) *At Regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem ?)*

(r) *Præsentit, motusque excepit prima futuros,*  
*Omnia tua timens---*

(s) No

(i) N  
 But  
 Tha  
 (r) H  
 And  
 To f  
 (u) T  
 Put  
 And  
 Tha  
 VV  
 As  
 (x)  
 Whe  
 If na  
 Unde  
 Does  
 Enou  
 Ever  
 Layi  
 Play  
 Coul  
 Thu  
 At la

---(s)  
 Delu  
 ---(t)  
 (u) S  
 Bacch  
 ---(x)  
 Thya  
 Orgia

(g) Not, as they say, out of good will,  
But to be brewing mischief still,

That he for all his fair pretences

(r) Had greas'd his boats, and wash'd his benches;

And now was ready set on VVheels,

To shew a nimble pair of heels.

(u) This sudden news, I do assure ye,

Put *Dido* in a desp'rate fury,

And made her frisk about and gad,

That all her people thought her mad;

VVhil'st she from house to house did flie,

As she had run with *Hue* and *Crie*.

(x) Even as a Philly never ridden,

When by the Jocky first bestridden,

If naughty Boy do thrust a Nettle

Under her Dock, to try her mettle,

Does rise and plunge, curvet and kick,

Enough to break her Riders neck;

Even so *Queen Dido* at that tide,

Laying all majesty aside,

Play'd such mad freaks, that well were they

Could farthest get out of her way.

Thus flinging round from place to place,

At last, to make it shorr, her Grace

---(s) *Eadem impia fama furenti*

*Detulit---*

---(t) *Armari classem, cursumque parari.*

(u) *Savit inops animi, totamque incensa per urbem*

*Bacchatur---*

---(x) *Qualis commotis excita sacris*

*Thyas, ubi audito stimulant Trieterica Baccho*

*Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cytharon,*

Finds me amongst a Crew of Mad-Caps,  
*Aeneas*, at one Mother Red-Caps.

Well overta'n (quoth she) half weeping,  
 (y) *Aeneas*, thou'rt a precious Pepin,  
 To think to steal so sily from me,  
 When thou hast had thy foul will o' me, (thee  
 (z) Could not my love (thou Knave) have staid  
 Nor yet the promise thou hast made me :  
 Nor that thou know'lt if thou wert gone,  
 My work would all be left undone ?  
 But that thoult sink away, thou Varlet,  
 And leave me like forsaken Harlot ?  
 (a) In VVinter too, o'r blustering Seas,  
 VVhen it 'twixt two a Bed doth freeze ?  
 (b) VVhat though thou hadst, as thou hast none,  
 A house to go to, of thine own,  
 Couldst find yet in thy heart to 'reave me  
 Of thy dear company and leave me ?  
 (c) By this salt Rhume thou seest that wets  
 My cheeks, and by thy hand that sweats,

(y) *Tandem bis Aeneam compellat vocibus ultro ;*  
 (z) *Dissimulare etiam sperasti perfide, tantum*  
*Posse nefas ? tacitusque mea decedere terra,*  
*Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam*  
*--- Tenet ?*

(a) *Quinetiam hyberno moliris sydere classem,*  
*Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum ;*  
*Crudelis, ---*

--- (b) *Quod si non arva aliena, domosque*  
*Ignotas peteres ? ---*

*Mene fugis ? ---*

--- (c) *Per ego has lacrymas, dextramque tuum te,*  
*Per Connubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos.*

That



That bawdy Fift, that has been laid  
 So oft where now shall not be said;  
 I'm brief, by the whole matters carriage,  
 And by the earnest of our marriage:  
 And by those sweet delights we stole,  
 When the rain drove thee into th' hole;  
 (d) If that Bout pleas'd thee; or since any  
 Which (*Jove* forgive us) have been many,  
 I do beseech thee *Trojan* fine,  
 Not to undo both me, and mine.

(e) For thy sweet sake the knavish *Lydians*,  
 The *Tyrians*, and the vile *Numidians*,  
 In midst of which is my abode,  
 Hate me, as one would hate a Toad.

For thee I first forewent all shame,  
 (f) And that I liv'd by my good name;  
 And wilt thou having spent thy ardor,  
 And eat me out of house and harbor,  
 (g) So basely to my Foes betray me,  
 And neither stay with me, nor pay me?

(d) *Si bene quid de te merui, fuis aut tibi quicquam  
 Dulce meum, miserere domos labentis---*

*Oro si quis adhuc precibus locus---*

(e) *Te propter Lybicæ gentes Numadumque Tyranni  
 Odere insensî Tyri; te propter eundem  
 Extinctus pudor---*

--- (f) *Et qua sola fidera adibam,  
 Fama prior---*

--- (g) *Cui me moribundam deseris hospes.*

(b) No sooner shall thy back be turn'd,  
 But all my Building will be burn'd,  
 That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,  
 Or else *Iarbas* here will ta' me.  
 If (as we oft have ventur'd it,)  
 I had but a big Belly yet,  
 A little *Trojan* coming on,  
 To play withal when thou art gone,  
 Then let the Rogues do what they durst do,  
 I should have something yet to trust to.

*Aeneas* ta'en thus basely tardy,

(i) Turn'd pale, and like a stick't Pig star'd ye :  
 He could not stand upright but lean,  
 One might have sell'd him with a Bean ;  
 Nay he was struck so at her Speeches,  
 Some say he did defile his Breeches,  
 His Bowels did so yearn upon her ;  
 But being that may wound his honor,  
 I'll not affirm it, but proceed,  
 To tell you what he said and did ;  
 Much was he mov'd at *Dido's* words (swords :  
 Which stab'd him through and through like  
 Much griev'd to see her weep and sob so,  
 To throw about her snout and throb so :

(h) *Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum mœnia fraser  
 Destruat? aut captam ducat Gerulus Iarbas?*  
*Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset  
 Ante fugam scabes, si quis mihi parvulus aula  
 Luderet Aeneas---*

*Non equidem omnino capta, aut desertâ viderer  
 ---(i) Ille immota tenebat*

*Lumina, & obdormientem sub oculo premebat.*

But

at *Merc'ries* Message more prevailing  
 than her colloquing or her railing,  
 ter a many fine good-morrows,  
 He thus began to salve her sorrows.  
 Should I (quoth he) O Queen, deny,  
 that thou'rt the flower of *Curtessie* ;  
 any slanders vile contrive,  
 were the basest Knave alive.  
 must confess that thou, O Queen,  
 ome and to us all hast been  
 ore like a Mother than a Friend,  
 o much I'll say, and there's an end ;  
 And if I ever do forget ye,  
 r fail to drink a health to *Betty*,  
 et me be hang'd as high, or higher  
 than top of *Carthage* Steeple Spire :  
 Few words are best ; if you'll be civil,  
 I tell the truth, and shame the Devil.  
 I ne'r had thought, much less desire  
 asely to build a Sconce at *Tyre*,

— Tandem pauca refert, Ego te, qua plurima fande  
 numerare vales, nunquam Regina negabo  
 meritam---

(l) Nec me meminisse pigebit *Elisæ*,  
 am memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.

(n) Pro re pauca loquor :

—(n) Nec ego hanc abscondere furto  
 ravi (ne finge) sugam---

And

And steal away from thee my honey.

(o) But for the thing call'd Matrimony,  
Although I did the thing you wot,  
*Jove* be my Judge I meant it not.  
Indeed I took it for a kindness,  
To be familiar with your Highness,  
But if I ever thought of other,  
Than one good turn requires another ;  
Or on such terms e'r gave my fist,  
I'm th' arrant'st Rogue that ever pist.

(p) I must confess that if it lay  
In my own power, as one may say,  
That I had some good bargain made,  
And bound my Son here to a Trade,  
Plac'd all my Followers, and therefore  
Had no one but my self to care for :  
I would as willing match with you,  
As any Woman that I know :

(q) But as things stand, I needs must follow  
The counsel of my Friend *Apollo*,  
Who sends me word I must convey me  
To *Lycia* with all speed that may be,  
Where by a dainty Rivers side,  
A Farm lies ready cut and dry'd

---

—(o) *nec conjugis unquam  
Prætendi tadas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.*

(p) *Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam  
Auspiciis, & sponte mea componere curas.*

(q) *Sed nunc Italiam magnam Grynæa Apollo  
Italiam Lycia jussere capeffere sortes,  
Hic amor, hæc patria est* —

Will hold both me, and all my meany,  
 As cheap as forty Eggs a penny,  
 Where then in downright truth do I  
 Tend to live and occupy.

And if so be that you, who are sage,  
 Delight so in your Town of *Carthage*;  
 Why should it be in us so great sin,  
 Who have no house to thrust our heads in,  
 To travel to a Foreign Nation,  
 For some convenient habitation?

O I can no sooner go anights  
 To Bed (*Jove* bless us all from Sprights)  
 But that e'r I can frame to snore,  
 My Fathers Ghost comes through the dore,  
 Though shut as sure as hands can make it,  
 And leads me such a fearful racket;  
 I strew all night in my own grease,  
 So that your Maids may, if they please,  
 Wring from the Shirt wherein I wallow,  
 Each morning tyde, as much good tallow  
 As well would liquor all their Sandals,  
 And make beside six pound of Candles.

(r) *si se Carthaginis arces*

*thencestem, Lybicæque aspectus desinet urbis,  
 Quæ tandem Ausonia Teucros conscidere terra  
 civilia est? & nos fas extera quarere Regna.*

(s) *Me Patris Anchisæ, quoties, humensibus umbris  
 Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea surgunt,  
 Admonet in somnis, & turbida terret Imago;  
 De puer Ascanius--*

And

And all this is to have me gone,  
 And not stay here t'undo my Son;  
 (t) Besides, not past an hour ago,  
 Jove sent his Lacquay to me too;  
 I saw him flie, I'll (u) take my Oath,  
 And man has but his faith and troth)  
 As plainly o're your Dairy top,  
 As e'r I saw him on the Rope:  
 And heard him speak as plain but e'n now,  
 As I hear you, or you hear me now.  
 (x) Then let me beg so much beholdings  
 Unto your Grace to leave your scolding;  
 For I this Voyage undertake,  
 Even like a Bear that's drawn to th' Stake.  
 (y) This said the Queen in wrathful wise,  
 Rowling about her goggle-eyes,  
 As she would throw 'um in his face,  
 Unto her fury thus gave place.  
 Stinkard (quoth she) now thy false heart  
 Shews what a cheating Knave thou art:

---

(t) Nunc etiam interpres divum Jove missus ab ipso  
 ---Celeres mandata per auras  
 Detulit---

(u) Testor utrumque caput---  
 ---Ipse Deum manifesto in lumine vidi  
 Intranssem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi.

(x) Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis;  
 Italiam non sponte sequor.

(y) Talia dicentem jamdudam aversa tuetur,  
 Huc illuc, volvens oculos, totumque pererrat.  
 Luminibus tacitis, & sic accensa profatur.



the symptoms of a Rogue thou hast all,  
 thou a true *Trojan*, thou a Rascal !  
 No Man or Woman of good fashion,  
 or coupl'd for thy procreation;  
 at Whelpt thou wert of Tinkers Bitch,  
 under some Hedge, or in some Ditch :  
 say, I'll not balk you Sir; nor care,  
 for all you look so big and stare :  
 let thy foul hyde with malice burst,  
 do defie thee, do thy worst.  
 ) Instead of sighing in this case,  
 all sowre thou belchest in my face;  
 and thou so stubborn art and canker'd,  
 Thou shed'st no tears, but tears o'th' Tankard:  
 hadst thou but counterfeited passion,  
 to signifie commiseration,  
 or offer'd but a sowre face, it  
 had been a sign of some small grace yet ;  
 but like a Logger-headed Lubber,  
 Thou grinning stand'st, and seest me blubber ;  
 b) And *Jove* nor *Juno*, for ought I see,  
 Will neither of 'um both chastise thee.

a) *Nec te diva parens generis nec Dardanus author  
 perfide : sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens  
 Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera Tigres,  
 Nam quid dissimulo?----*

a) *Num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?  
 Num lachrymas victus dedit? aut miseratus amantem est?*

--(b) *Famjam nec maxima Juno,  
 Nec Saturnius hæc oculis pater aspicit aquis.*

(c) There's

(c) There's no truth in this age we live in :  
 A wand'ring Beggar hither driven ;  
 VVho had, when weak as he could crawl,  
 No cross to bless himself withal ;  
 I have receiv'd to Bed and Board,  
 Feasted, and clad him like a Lord,  
 (d) And (like a simple hair-brain'd Jade)  
 'This Youth hail fellow with me made :  
 And now forsooth he cannot stay,  
*Apollo* bids him run away.

(e) Nay though I have in friendly wise  
 Cur'd his mens Scabs, and kill'd their Lice,  
 Yet having now fall'n to his lot,  
 A good rich Farm lies piping hot :  
 Should he stay here, it would undo him,  
 And *Jove* has sent his Footman to him ;  
 As if the Deities were so  
 Concern'd, they'd nothing else to do,  
 But send their Lacquayes and their Pages,  
 To him on How-de's and Messages.

But I'll waste on thee no more breath,  
 For whom the VVipd that fumes beneath,

(c) *Nusquam tuta fides ! ejectum littore egentem*

*Excepi,----*

---(d) *Et regni demens in parte locavi :*

---*Nunc augur Apollo.*

(e) *Amisam classem, socios a monte reduxi,*

(f) *Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc & Jove missus ab ipso*

*Interpres dæmon fert horrida jussa per auras ;*

*Scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos*

*Sollicitat----*

n: far too sweet: Avant thou Slave!  
 thou lying Coney-catching Knave,  
 moving, do as thou hast told me!  
 No body here intends to hold thee!  
 Go! seek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be  
 n' very bottom of the Sea:  
 t should'st thou scape, and not in Dike lie,  
 crown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,  
 once in the Proverb old 'tis found,  
*Who's born to hang, will ne'r be drown'd:*  
 t should'st thou not be much the nigher,  
 I'll haunt thee like a going Fire,  
 as soon as I can turn t' a Ghost,  
 which will be in a Week at most:  
 then in the midnight sleep I'll wake thee,  
 and ride the worse than any Hackney.  
 I'll terrifie thee day and night:  
 say if thou do'st but go to——  
 there will I stand with flaming Taper,  
 to fizzle thy Tail in stead of Paper.  
 I'll make the rue the time that e're  
 thou cam'st to play thy Knaves tricks here.

(I) *I sequare Italiam ventis*——

—*Neque te teneo*——

—(h) *Pete regna per undas*

*ero equidem mediis*----

*applicia hausurum scopulis*---

—(i) *Sequar atris ignibus absens:*

*cum frigida mors anima subduxeris artus,*

*in umbra locis adero,*---

—(k) *Dabis improbe panas.*

(l) In middle of this wrathful speech  
Down drops Queen *Dido* on her Breech :  
Her mouth was stopt, and on the ground  
She silent lay in doleful swoond :  
Shut were her eyes ; nor had she hearing,  
For what *Aeneas* was (m) preparing,  
Upon this pitiful occasion,  
To say in's own justification.

In haste the *Trojans* all advance  
To 'wake her Grace out of her Trance ;  
They try'd to raise her in such sort,  
As when men cry, *Le Corps est mort* :  
But here the Charm would not prevail,  
They could not raise her from tail :  
For-though full light when her own Woman,  
Yet in this heavy dump was no Man  
Could raise her up, though ne'r so mighty,  
Sorrow had made her Bum so weighty.

(n) At last a Crew of strapping Jades,  
That were, or should have been her Maids,  
Gath'ring her up, away convey'd her,  
And having in her own Bed laid her,  
With Rugs they boulder'd her about,  
To try if she could sweat it out.

---

(l) *Hic medium dictis sermonem abrumpit & auras  
Ægra fugit* —

(m) *Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem  
Dicere* —

(n) *Suscipiunt famulae, collapsaque membra  
Marmoreo referunt thalamo, stratisque reponunt.*

- (s) *Aeneas* though 'twas his desire,  
 something t' have said might pacifie her,  
 and though his heart did bleed within him,  
 To think of what had past between 'um,  
 (p) Yet because *Jove* so loud did threaten,  
 He sooner durst his nails have eaten,  
 Having so terribly been chidden,  
 Than not t' have done as he was bidden,  
 Therefore in haste his Hostess beck'ning,  
 To come and bring 'um in a reck'ning;  
 Strait to the Wharf repairs the hot shot,  
 (q) Without once calling for his shot-pot.  
 The *Trojans* now by his Commission,  
 Launch all their Boats with expedition;  
 You now upon the Ocean might see,  
 (r) The new greas'd wherries swim most tightly:  
 They had new made 'um fine long poles,  
 New pitcht their Oars, and made new Thoules;  
 Though many things were left undone,  
 (s) They were so eager to be gone.

- (o) *At pius Aeneas, quanquam lenire dolentem  
 solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas  
 multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore:*  
 (p) *Fussa tamen divum exequitur* —  
 — (q) *Classemque revisit.*  
*tum vero Teucri incumbunt & littoræ celsas  
 Deducunt toto naves: —*  
 — (r) *Natat uncta carina:*  
*trondentesque ferunt remos, & robora silvis  
 fabricata —*  
 — (s) *Fugo studio.*

- (t) Then might you see 'um make their Sallic  
 From *Carthage* Town, through lanes and alley  
 Stealing away with lewd intentions,  
 To cheat the *Tyrians* of their Pensions,  
 Fearing their Landladies would brabble,  
 And dun 'em for their Quarters Table.
- (u) As Hedge-hogs when they go to th' Wood  
 To fetch a hoard of Winter-food,  
 Return well laden with their Vict'les,  
 Fine yellow Crabs stuck round their prickles:  
 Even so the *Trojans* without doubt,  
 Were at this season hung about  
 With Fardles, Bundles, Bags and Wallets,  
 To cloath their backs, and seed their palats.
- (x) But what thought *Dido* in this case,  
 When thus she saw them flink their ways.  
 From Garret-window saw 'um row,  
 And heard 'um crying *Eastward Hoo* !
- (y) To see how Love makes Folks do things,  
 Against the hair, against the shins !

(t) *Migrantes cernas, totaque ex urbe ruentes.*

(u) *He veluti ingentem formica farris acervum  
 Cum populant, hyemis memores, testoque reponunt:*

---*Ex campis agmen, prædamque per herbas  
 Convectant calle angusto, pars grandia trudent  
 Obnixa frumenta humeris, pars---*

(x) *Quis tibi tunc Dido cernenti talia sensus ?*

---*Cum littora fervere late*

*Prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres*

*Misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus æquor.*

*Improbe A M O R, quid non mortalia pectora cogis ?*



or she, though full of indignation,  
 to be forsaken in this fashion ;  
 and had she known but how to get him,  
 would doubtless without salt have eat him ;  
 yet ne'rtheless, Love over-ruling,  
 c) She fell again to her old puling ;  
 and once more meant to try if pity  
 would not recall him to the City.  
 d) Look thee(quothe she) where he (my *Nancy*)  
 whose able parts I do much fanfie,  
 has trust up all his Tools together,  
 to carry 'um the Lords knows whither.  
 e) Hark how his Rabble Gang do shout,  
 and shove a Stern to hasten out ;  
 Rout of base unthankful Peasants !  
 the Devil cut their yelping Weazens :  
 the bawling Rascals egg him on,  
 and make him madder to be gone.  
 f) Had I once dreamt the *Tearing* Devil  
 would ever have been so uncivil,  
 thus like a Jade to break his Teather ;  
 should have kept my Legs together :  
 or have made bold t' have ty'd him faster,  
 to the due limits of his Pasture :

d) *Ite iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando  
 nitur---*

*quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquit.*

e) *Anna, vides toto properari littore circum :*

(b) *Vocat jam carbasus auras,*

*quibus & lathi nauta imposuere coronas.*

An H 2

(c) But

- (c) But since he holds me at this distance,  
 I beg thy sisterly assistance :  
 Thou know'st the temper of the Block-head,  
 And to a hair canst fit his Pocket :  
 Therefore (dear *Nancy*) I implore thee,  
 If e'r thoult do any thing for me,  
 (d) Run to the Wharf with might and main,  
 And try to bring him back again :  
 I promise thee, and if I break  
 My word, pray *Jove* I break my neck.  
 (e) If thou canst bring him to my Bow,  
 I'll give thee for thy pains a Cow.  
 (f) Tell him I e'r had more discretion,  
 Than to join issues with the *Grecian* :  
 I neither did meddle nor make,  
 But as they brew'd, so let them bake :  
 Nor did I e'r make Skittle Pin-bones,  
 Or Bobbins of *Anchises* Shin-bones :  
 Why should he then without all sense,  
 Thus use me like a Kitchin-wench ?

- (c) *Soror misera hoc tamen unum  
 Exequere Anna mihi ; solam nam perfidus ille  
 Te colere, arcanose etiam tibi credere sensus.  
 Sola viri molles aditus, et tempora noras.*  
 (d) *I soror atque hostem supplex affare superbum.*  
 (e) *Extremam banc oro veniam (miserere sororis)  
 Quam mihi cum dederis, cumularam morte relinquam.*  
 (f) *Non ego cum Danaïs Trojanam exscindere gentem  
 Aulide juravi, classemve ad Pergama misi :  
 Nec patris Anchisæ cineres manesve revelli.  
 Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures ?*

(g) I wo

) I would but beg one kindness from him :  
 ) I will no more claim promise on him :  
 d, but only that he'll tarry here,  
 half, or a quarter of a Year ;  
 Whereby I may, before he go,  
 ) Wean my self from a Bed-fellow :  
 n, or (if my constitution can  
 Not well subsist without a Man)  
 Until I can my self supply,  
 With one to do my drudgery.  
 I ask no further obligation,  
 ) But let him to his Navigation ;  
 He may to *Latium* then address,  
 And swim or sink, all's one to *Befs.*  
 (I) Scarce had the woful *Dido* done,  
 When *Nan* prepar'd her to be gone,  
 He tucks her Coats about her haunches,  
 And to the Water-side advances :  
 He tript so neatly to the Pyre,  
 He would have done one good to see her :  
 He would have thought she'd gone in haste,  
 Midwife to fetch, she went so fast.  
 At last she came unto the place  
 Where *Dido's* dear *Aeneas* was ;

---

---(g) *Extremum hoc miserae des munus amanti.*

) *Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit oro.*

*Tempus inane puto, requiem, spaciūque---*

) *Dum mea me victam doceat fortunæ dolore:*

) *Nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat.*

) *Talibus orabat, talesque miserrima fletus*

*Atque refertque soror---*

She found him set amongst his Mates,  
The rest o'th' *Trojans* Runnagates,  
Pufft like a Foot-ball with Vain-glory,  
Roaring and drinking tory rory ;  
Like one that knew a pot i'th' pate,  
Would be a mile or two i'th' Gate.

The *Trojan* had no sooner spid her,  
But though he could not well abide her,  
Yet 'cause he would part fairly with her,  
He ask't what Wind had blown her thither.

She putting finger in the eye,  
(As Women when they list can cry)  
Told him in what a sad condition  
Her Sister was ; her last Petition,  
And pray'd him as he was a true Man,  
Not to undo a proper Woman.

(n) But she might e'n have sav'd her juice,  
And kept her tears for better use.

(o) His resolution still opposes,  
He would go spite of all their Noses ;

(p) And like to hemp, which, as I take it,  
The more you twist, you stronger make it :

---

---(n) *Sed nullis ille movetur  
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.*

--*Lachrymæ voluntur inanes.*

(o) *Fata obstant, &c.*

(p) *Ac veluti annosum valido cum robore quercum*

*A pini Boreæ nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc*

*Eruere inter se certant, &c.---*

*Ipsa hæret scopulis, &c.*

*Haud secus assiduus hinc atque hinc vocibus heros*

*Tunditur---*

*Mens immota manet:---*

Ev

Even so, the more she try'd to twind him,  
She still more obstinate did find him.

(q) Then *Dido* madder grew and madder,  
No Friend she had could now perswade her;  
She stamp't and star'd, as she were Wood,  
And in her melancholly Mood,  
Calling to mind in woful wise,

*Aeneas* and his treacheries,  
How often he had stab'd her honour,  
That men would now make Ballads on her ;  
She was resolv'd without delay,

(r) Fairly to make her self away,  
And meant to put her resolution  
Into most tragick execution,

She had alas ! too just incitement,  
Thus to prefer her own Indictment ;  
And reason good, by all relation,  
Thus to proceed to condemnation :  
For such Portents, and dire Presages,  
As still have been disasters Pages,  
Foretold her overthrow so plainly,  
She saw t' oppose it would in vain be.

(s) She call'd to wash, and do you think,  
The Water turn'd as black as Ink ;

(q) *Tum vero infelix satis exterrita Dido.*

(r) *Mortem orat: tadet cœli convexa tueri,*

*Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucemque relinquat:*

(s) *Vidit thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,*

*Horrendum dictu, latices nigrescere sacros,*

*Fusaque in obscœnum se vertere vina cruorem.*

*Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.*

And that by chance being Churning-day,  
 Her Cream most strangely turn'd to Whay !  
 This *Dido* saw, but would by no means  
 Tell her own Sister of the Omens.  
 But that which gave the most persuasion  
 Unto her full determination,  
 Was this, she kept *Sichæus* bones  
 In a great Coffer made o'th' nonce,  
 As sundry others have done the like,  
 By way of superstitious Relick,  
 In a dark Cellar under-ground,  
 (u) From whence each night a dismal sound  
 Pierc'd *Dido's* tender ear, and wish't her,  
 Nay like a husband admonish't her,  
 To fit her for her latter end,  
 For why he told her, as a Friend,  
 That in a very short space, she  
 Should of this World, no Woman be.  
 (x) The Scrich-Owls too, were her molesters  
 Who still were chanting out their Vespers :  
 (y) Besides she had her Fortune told her,  
 When 'bout some dozen or so, no older ;  
 That she should but one husband have,  
 And after that a scurvy Knave

(u) *Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis*  
*Visa viri; nox cum terras obscura teneret*

(x) *Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo*  
*Sæpe queri* ———

(y) *Multaque præterea vatum prædicta priorum*  
*Terribili monitu horrificant* ———

Should



ould steal her honour like a Thief,  
 and make her hang her self for Grief;  
 these sad Portents falling so thick,  
 and pat one on anothers neck,  
 at the poor Queen besides her senses,  
 is a just Plague for her offences.  
 c) She dreams *Aeneas* now is going,  
 like a false Friend to her undoing,  
 and that she must when *Trojan* goes,  
 or ever lose her Play-fellows.  
 Which to a Woman's cause sufficient,  
 let her be ne'r so well condition'd,  
 To raise her to extravagancies,  
 When she must part with what she fancies.  
 d) Even as a Bitches fury up is,  
 When people come to steal her puppies :  
 so far'd the wrathful Queen that day,  
 When *Dildo* must be ta'n away :  
 she was so much concern'd about him,  
 she could not, would not live without him ;  
 but in her desp'rate resolutions,  
 e) VVould hang her self to try conclusions.

---

(z) agit ipse furem  
 somnis feras *Aeneas*, semperque relinqui  
 ala sibi, semper longam incommisata videtur  
 te viam  
 a) *Eumenidum* veluti demens videt agmina *Pentheus*,  
 qu *Agamemnonius* scenis agitur *Orestes*,  
 ala ita concepit furiis  
 b) *Decrevitque mori tempus secum ipsa modumque*  
*exigit, & mæstam dictis aggressa sororem,*  
*consilium vultu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat*

The

The time and manner she projected,  
And that she might not be suspected.  
She smug'd her visage up with smiles,  
And thus her Sister *Nan* beguiles,

(c) *Nancy* (quoth she) I've found at last  
A way for all *Aeneas* haste ;  
If thou in the Exploit will join,  
Shall pay him back in his own coin,  
And bring him back by our contriving,  
Since he's so goodly, dead, or living.  
Seeing the Rogue my love disgraces,  
I'll spoil his sport in other places.

(d) A mile from hence, or such a space,  
Down in a bottom lies a place,  
Far out of all Highways and Roads,  
VVhere nothing breeds, but Frogs and Toads  
Snakes, Adders, and such wicked Vermin,  
That (can they catch 'um) will not spare men  
There in a Cave lies an old (e) VVretch,  
An ugly rotten toothless VVitch,  
So old, that one would think she were  
The eldest Devil's Grandmother.

(c) *Inveni germana viam (gratare sorori)*  
*Quæ mihi reddat eum, --*

-- *Vel eo me solvat amantem-*

(d) *Oceani finem juxta, solemque cadentem,*  
*Ultimus Æthiopium locus est: ubi maximus Atlas*  
*Axem humero torquet,--*

(e) *Hinc mihi Massylæ gentis monstrare sacerdos,*  
*Hesperidum templi custos; epulasque draconi*  
*Quæ dabat, --*

*Spargens humida mella soporiferumque papaver.*

(f) No

(f) Now this old Beldam can do Wonders,  
 she but say the word, it thunders,  
 lightens, or rains, or hails, or snows,  
 or any weather you'il suppose.  
 she'll make a Cowl-staff by her spelling,  
 amble like any double Gelding;  
 and in the deep o'th' night the base Hag,  
 can of a Cudgel make a Race-Nag:  
 A VValnut she to Sea can ring out,  
 and of an Egg-shell make a Frigot;  
 say in a Thimble stem the Flood,  
 provide the Thimble be of VWood.  
 she can, where she does owe a spight,  
 spoil any Bridegrooms VWedding-night,  
 and the Brides longing disappoint,  
 by vertue of a Codpiece-point.  
 she can make People love or hate,  
 evn whom she please, and at what rate;  
 and by her Magick and her Spells,  
 make Folks, or hang, or drown themselves.  
 in short, there's nothing that has ill in't,  
 but she has admirable skill in't;  
 And does her mischiefs too as quick  
 as any Jugler does a trick.

(f) *Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes  
 Quas velit; ast aliis duras immittere curas:  
 sistere aquam fluviiis, & vertere sidera retro;  
 Nocturnosque ciet manes, mugire videbis  
 Sub pedibus terram, & descendere montibus ornes.*

(g) I take

(g) I take the gods to witness Sister,  
 I'm led into this course sinister,  
 Out of no end men wicked call ;  
 But only for revenge, that's all.  
 And since I am so basely crost,  
 I'll have this Hag, or it shall cost  
 More than I'll speak of ; she perchance  
 May lead my *Trojan* such a dance,  
 Shall make him glad as fast as may be,  
 To come again and cry *Peccavi* ;  
 Or make him hang himself at least,  
 For an example to the rest  
 O'th' Tribe of false dissembling Yeomen,  
 That take a pride to ruine Women :  
 And by good luck she's now hard by here,  
 Come not an hour ago to *Tyre*,  
 Sent for it seems about no ill deed,  
 To bless a Sow that lies in Childbed.  
 And I'll go fetch her by her favour  
 With a *Subpæna*, but I'll have her.  
 (b) In the mean time go thou and tie  
 Fast to the great Beam, where I lie,  
 The best new Halter thou canst choose,  
 And make a dainty running noose ;  
 Like that fell to the Fellow's share,  
 That made a Woman of a Mare.

(g) *Testor chara deos, & te germana, tuumque  
 Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingere artes.*

(h) *Tu secreta pyram tectis interiore sub auras  
 Erige. —*

(i) The

(i) Then take me out *Aneas* rayment,  
 All I have left in part of payment :  
 His greasie Doublet and his Trowfes,  
 Where many a wandring *Trojan* Louse is :  
 The treasure he has left behind him,  
 In the great standing Press you'll find 'um ;  
 Stuff me 'um up with Straw or Litter,  
 The worse the stuffing is, the fitter ;  
 And ram the tatters with a vengeance,  
 As People use to ram their Engines ;  
 Make haste and do as I have bid ye ;  
 I'll hang the Rascal in Effigie :  
 So I'm advis'd to do, and so  
 (k) I mean to serve him, if I blow ;  
 Which, though I cannot wreak my teen, it  
 Will stay the Stomach of my Spleen yet.  
 (l) Thus having said, the Queen chang'd colour,  
 No Ghost could e'r look pitifuller.  
 One would have thought by her dejection,  
 And by her woful wan complexion,  
 She had been going just o'th' sudden,  
 To drop and give the Crow a Pudden,

---

---(i) *Et arma viri, thalamo quæ fixa reliquit  
 Impius, exuviasque omnes, lectumque jugalem,  
 Quo perii, superimponas :*

---(k) *Abolere nefandi  
 Cuncta viri monumenta jubet monstratque sacerdos.*

(l) *Hæc effata flet ; pallor simul occupat ora.*

(m) *Nancy*

(m) Nancy, (although she saw the Queen  
 Ready to burst her hoops for teen)  
 And well enough mark'd how she look'd too,  
 Yet by her fine pretence was rook'd so,  
 She did no further on't consider,  
 (n) But went about what she had bid her ;  
 Dreaming no more than her last Even,  
*Dido* had been so lewdly given.  
 Away therefore my Lass does trot,  
 And presently an Halter got,  
 Made of the best strong hempen Teer,  
 And e'r a Cat could lick her Ear,  
 Had ty'd it up with asmuch art,  
 As *Dun* himself could do for's heart :  
 The Rope, and say 'twas got oth' sudden,  
 Did prove so prime a special good one,  
 That with fair usage it might come  
 To hang up *Carthage* all and some.  
 The *Trojans* Doublet she had fill'd so,  
 'Twas very strange the Buttons held so ;  
 And that the cramming of his Breeches,  
 Had not quite broken out the Stitches,  
 His very Stockings, though they were,  
 About the feet, out of repair ;  
 Yet she made shift to stuff each Start-up,  
 And tie 'um to the rest on's Wardrobe :

---

(m) *Non tamen Anna novis pratexere funera sacris  
 Germanam credit: nec tantos mente furores  
 Gencipit, aut graviora timet.*—  
 (n) *Ergo iusta parat*—

Having



Having thus brac'd him like a Drum,  
 he laid him out in *Dido's* room;  
 (y) Display'd upon a fair long Board,  
 ready when *Dido* gave the word,  
 To be advanc'd into the Halter,  
 Without the benefit on's Psalter.  
 Scarce had she thus dispos'd her Trinkums,  
 When up the stairs, behold the Queen comes,  
 (o) Leading along th' old rotten Gammer,  
 into her Highness matted Chamber,  
 VWhen she was come, and saw the portly  
 trophy in that most noble sort lie,  
 As she oft-times had seen the Sinner  
 lie gorg'd on Benches after Dinner:  
 He fell again into a Passion,  
 caus'd by a sweet Commemoration,  
 Of past delights, seeing those Breeches,  
 And humbly the old Gih beseeches  
 To shew her utmost skill and cunning,  
 To keep her *Trojan* dear from running.  
 The mumbling Witch bid her not fear,  
 But rest content, and of good chear,  
 And she should see she'd make him stay,  
 For foul her art should say her nay.  
 (q) VWith that the Hag begun her charm,  
 You would have thought she'd had a swarm

---

(o) *Exuvias, ensæque relictum,  
 Agniæque toro locat.*

(q) *Stant aræ circum, & crinas effusa sacerdos.  
 Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Eribumque, Chaosque,  
 geminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.*

Of Wasps or Hornets in her throat,  
 There came so strange a humming out :  
 And as she spoke, her hallow chaps,  
 Bound up in two thin shrivel'd flaps  
 Of old abominable leather,  
 Like Bellows heav'd and clapt together:  
 Her little eyes being fiery red,  
 VVere sunk so far into her head,  
 They lookt, when most she star'd at full,  
 Like farthing Candles in a Scull.  
 Her Nose hung like an Arch between  
 Her wrinkled Forehead and her Chin.  
 A craggy passage, and uncouth,  
 Over the dreadful Gulf her Mouth,  
 And Elf-locks hung so, on each shoulder,  
 'Twould make one tremble to behold her.

This Witch a Ribble-row rehearses,  
 Of scurvy Names in scurvy Verses,  
 Which by the manner of her mouthing,  
 Was certainly *Burlesque* or nothing.  
 And in these Rhythms as round she limps,  
 Calls her Familiars and her Imps,  
 (r) Sprinkling the Chamber in her motion  
 With a tepid brackish Lotion,  
 For ought I know, of her own making,  
 By her much stirring, and pains taking.

(s) A red-heart breaker next she mow'd of  
 A Wart that *Dido* was full proud of,

---

(r) *Sparserat, & latices simulatos fontis Avernii:*  
 (s) *Quaritur & nascens equi de fronte revulsus*  
*Et matri preceptus amor.* —————

And burnt it for a strong perfume,  
 And pow'rful Spell to make him come.  
 Then hand in hand to dance they fall,  
 A grave and solemn Magick-brawl,  
 In such hard figures none could tread 'um,  
 But the old hobbling Hag that led 'um.  
 Poor *Dido* too alas! made one,  
 Although her dancing days were done:  
 And tho oppress'd with Wo and Care, cut  
 Capers, and Tricotee'd it (t) barefoot;  
 (u) Imploring all the Deities,  
 At every step, both he's and she's,  
 To turn *Aeneas* back, and make him  
 Follow the Work he'd undertaken;  
 Or if he would not turn, t' afford  
 The grace to turn him over-board.  
 Thus to her footing the poor Jade,  
 Out of all measure curs'd and pray'd  
 Against her Love had so offended,  
 Till dance and charm together ended.  
 (x) 'Twas now the time when Candles are  
 Depriev'd by the Extinguisher;

(1) *Unum exuta pedem vinclis*——

*Statque Deos*——

(u) *Tum si quod non aequo fœdera amantes  
 ara numen habet, iustumque memorque precatur.*

(t) *Nox erat, & placidum carpebant fœssa soporem  
 corpora per terras, silvæque & sæva quierant  
 ignora*——

*om tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,  
 quæque lacus late iiquidos, quæque aspera dumis  
 ara tenent, somno posito sub nocte silenti  
 mibant curas*——

I

When

When every thing to sleep down lies,  
 Dogs in their Kennels, Hogs in Sties ;  
 And Men and Women rest their heads  
 And heels, on Flocks, or Feather-beds.  
 Now Men and Fishes, Birds and Beast,  
 And every thing was laid to rest ;  
 (y) All but the woful Queen (alas !)  
 Who now was brought unto that pass,  
 What with her love, and what with spight  
 She could not sleep one wink all night.  
 Her Stomach now was piping hot,  
 (z) It boil'd and bubbled like a Pot,  
 And did so strong a wambling keep,  
 She fitter was to spew, than sleep.

Have you seen an Animal  
 Yclept an Horse, when in his Stall,  
 The Botts, that terrible Disease,  
 Doth on his tender Bowels seize ;  
 What Groans he fetches, and what Prank  
 He rouling plays upon the Planks ?  
 So *Dido* crost in her Amours,  
 Tumbled away her sleeping hours.  
 Now on her back, and in such fashion,  
 As if she lay for consolation ;  
 Now on her belly, now her side,  
 All postures, and all ways she try'd ;

(y) *At non infelix animi Phœnissa : nec unquam  
 Solvitur in somnos, oculisque aut pectore noctem  
 Accipit : —*

— (z) *Magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu.*

But all in vain, nothing would do,  
 (a) Her heart was ſo oppreſs'd with wo,  
 And love within her did ſo rumble,  
 She could do nought but toſs and tumble:  
 At laſt in miſt of agitation,  
 (b) She thus brake out into a paſſion:  
 Which way poor *Dido* ſhould'ſt thou turn  
 thee,  
 Whiſt cruel Love does thus hart-burn thee?  
 Thou haſt of hope not one ſpark left,  
 Th'haſt brought thy Hogs to a fair Market,  
 Not one poor dram of Conſolation,  
 O VWoman vile in deſperation!  
 VWhat ſhall I do in this condition,  
 To keep me from the VWorlds deriſion?  
 (c) Shall I invite to be my Spouſe,  
 Some one I have forbid my houſe?  
 Some ſaucy, proud *Numidian* Jack,  
 And humbly beg of him to take  
 (d) *Aeneas* leavings, or like Trull here,  
 Run away baſely with this Skuller.

a) *Ingeminant cura, ruruſque reſurgens*——  
*levit amor*——

b) *Sic adeo inſiſtis, ſecumque ita corde volutat,*  
*quid agam?*——

(c) *Ruruſne procos irriſa priores*  
*ſperiar?* Numadumque petam connubia ſupplex,  
 eos ego ſum toties jam dedignita maritos?

d) *Iliacas igitur claſſes atque ultima Tenezum*  
*viſa ſequar?*——

—*Sola fuga nautas comitabor evantes;*

(c) Or shall I raise the Town in Swarms,  
And bring him back by force of Arms!  
Alas, I fear it is no boot!

Foul means will never bring him to't,  
(f) No, no, I'll die! this Halter yet,  
When all Trades fail, shall do the feat.

(g) Ah! Sister, Sister, hadst not thou  
Play'd Mistress *Quicklies* Office so,  
And sooth'd me up till I grew jolly,  
I never had committed Folly:

No, had I made the least resistance,  
And kept the saucy Knave at distance,  
Imight have us'd him as my list,  
And ne'r been brought to had I wist.

(h) Thus lay the wretched Queen debating  
*Nan*, Fortune, and her Lover rating;

(i) Whil't he Drum-full with his Potation,  
Ne'r dreaming on the doleful passion  
He had most vilely left his Drab in,  
Lay drunk and snoring in his Cabbin.

(c) *An Tyriis omniq[ue] manu stipata meorum  
Insequar?* —

(f) *Quin morere, aut merita es: ferroque avertē dolum*  
— (g) *tu prima furentem*

*His gemina malis oneras* —

(h) *Tantos ille suo rumpebat pectore questus.*

(i) *Aeneas celsa in puppi* —  
*Carpebat somnos* —



(k) But *Merc'ry* tho he slept profoundly,  
 (l) Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly,  
 And thus 'gan rattle him: Thou lousie,  
 Mangy, careless, drunken, drowsie  
 Coxcomb; how oft must I be sent  
 Hither from *Jove* to complement  
 Your worship to a reverent care  
 Of the young Bastard here, your Heir?  
 Whil'st fast thou ly'st tipled, or tipling;  
 Nor car'st what danger the poor Stripling  
 Lies open to. (m) Y'ad best inore on,  
 Some body will be here anon:  
 Take t' other nap, Do, till the Queen come,  
 She'll reckon with you for your In-come.  
 She'll rowse ye faith! And (Goodman Letcher)  
 'Tis ten to one, with a good Stretcher  
 About your ears: Therefore my loving  
 Acquaintance, you were best be (n) moving:  
 Upon my word th' advice is wholsom,  
 Stay not until the angry Soul come:

(k) *Huic se forma Dei* ———

*Obtulit in somnis* ———

*Omnia Mercurio similis* ———

—— (l) *rursusque ita visa monere est*

*Nate Dea* ———

—— (m) *protes hoc sub casu ducere somnos?*

*Nec quæ circumstent te deinde pericula cernis*

*Demens?* ———

*Illa dolo* ——— *in pectore versat.*

(n) *Non fugis hinc præceptum dum præcipitare potestas?*

*Eia age, rumpe moras* ———

For if thou dost, mark what I say,  
 And be'st not gone before 't be day,  
 (o) If *Carthage* ben't about your ears  
 As soon as ever day appears,  
 And do not thrash your back and side,  
 Far worse than *Agamemnon* did;  
 Those of your VVoman-stealing Rabble,  
 Give me but six-pence, if thou'rt able,  
 And here's my hand, I do not sport,  
 I'll give thee twenty shillings for't.  
 (p) Thus having said, away he flies,  
 E'r *Tos-pot* could unglew his Eyes,  
 VVhich were so cemented in that case,  
 The *Page* was got as far as *Atlas*  
 Back on his way, e'r he could free 'um  
 From gowl and matter fit to see him:  
 But having streakt and yawn'd a while,  
 Snorted, and kept the usual coil  
 That Drunkards use in such like cases,  
 And made some dozen Devils faces;  
 At last he got his eyes unglew'd  
 Into a pretty magnitude.  
 He star'd about to spy the Vision  
 Had giv'n that courteous admonition:  
 But 'twas so dark, as well it might,  
 Being 'twixt twelve and one at night;

(o) *Jam mare turbavi trabibus sevasque videbis  
 Colucere faces, &c.*

*Si te his attigerit terris auroa morantem.*

—(p) *Sic fatus nocti se immiscuit atra.*

Tha

That had the nimble Currier  
In kindness staid his leisure there,  
Though clad in *Falstaff's Kendal Green*,  
He could not possibly be seen.

(q) *Aeneas* troubled herewithal,  
Seeing he could not see at all,  
Starts from the Tilt where he had lain,  
And calls upon his Mates amain,  
(r) Rise Sirs, quoth he, and look about ye,  
(s) I've had from *Jove* another how d'ye.  
His man was here, and calls to go still,  
His sweaty Pumps are in my Nose still.  
He swears and offers to lay odds on't,  
And if he say't, I'll lay my — on't,  
That if we do not leave the Dock,  
And get us hence by four a Clock,  
We shall be murder'd if we were  
Ten times as many as we are.  
Therefore I think it not amiss for's  
To launch, for there are Rods in pifs for's.  
Let us but ply our Oars like tall men,  
Till we be got clear out of all ken;  
Then if they have a mind to lace us,  
Let *Carthage*, if they can, come trace us.

(q) *Tum vero Aeneas subitis exterritus umbris  
Corripit e somno corpus, sociosque fatigat.*

(r) *Præcipientes vigilare viri—*

(s) *Deus æthere missus ab alto,  
Festinare fugam, tortosq; incidere funes  
Ecce iterum stimulat—*

(t) And thou (O Jove, top of my kin!)

VVho hitherto so kind hast been,

(u) If now thou stick, and do not fail's,  
Let *Dido* whistle in our tails.

Thus having spoken, and thus pray'd,  
(x) Forthwith he drew his doughty blade,  
And at one flash, to all mens wonder,  
Cut the Boats triple Cord a sunder.

(y) At which the Gang spurr'd by so ample,  
So mighty and renown'd example,  
Cut all the rest; nor staying Brooks,  
But let the Devil take the hooks,  
And shipping Oars, to work they fall,  
Like men that row'd for good and all.  
Had it been day, no doubt one might  
Have then beheld a gallant sight.

*Neptune's* great VVhiskers had not been  
So neatly (z) brusht as they were then  
Of many a year: Crabs that did nest  
Full deep therein, could take no rest:

—(t) *Sequimur te sancte, deorum*

*Quisquis es.*——

(u) *Adsis, O placidusque juves & sydera cælo*  
*Dextra feras!*

——(x) *Dixit, vaginaque eripit ensẽ*  
*Fulmineum, strictoque ferit retinacula ferros.*

(y) *Idem omnes simul ardor habet—*

——*rapiuntque ruuntque*

*Littora deseruere—*

——(z) *& carula verrunt :*

(a) They

(a) They lather'd him in the great Bason,  
 So admirably well, that *Jason*,  
 Although he shav'd the golden fleece,  
 Ne'r washt him half so well as these.  
 (b) *Aurora* now, who I must tell ye,  
 Was grip't with dolours in her belly,  
 Starts from her Couch, and o'r her head  
 Slipping on Petticoat of red,  
 Worth of the morning doors she goes,  
 In hasty wise to pluck a Rose;  
 When *Dido*, who was broad awake,  
 Hearing the rusty Hinges creak,  
 Ran to her (c) peeping hole to spie,  
 What was become o'th' *Trojan*ry.  
 Out out alas! (d) The devil a Sail  
 Was left i'th' Port; bare as my nail  
 The Dock was stript; whilst far from shoar  
 They row'd as they ne'r row'd before.  
 At which sad sight, in Wrath (God blefs us!)  
 (e) Tearing her dainty yellow Tresses,  
 She sighing said, Was ever seen  
 So pitiful an undone Queen!  
 And shall this filthy *Trojan* Royster  
 Undo, as one would do an Oyster,

(a) *Adnixi torquent spumas—*

(b) *Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras  
 Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.*

(c) *Regina e speculis ut primum albescere lucem*

(d) *Vidit & aequatis classem procedere velis,*

*litteraque & vacuos sensit sine remige portus.*

(e) *Flaventesque abscissa comas, Proh! Jupiter! ibit  
 sic ait, & nostris illuserit advena regnis?*

Poor

Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,  
 Maugre what I can do or say !  
 Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave  
 Bounces, and vaults from wave to wave,  
 As he were making Ducks and Drakes,  
 VVith VVherries upon *Neptune's* lakes !  
 The Devil sure farts in his Poop,  
 And puffs his kicking Sculler up ;  
 Or else some dirty Suburb Drab  
 Has helpt the Rascal to a Clap,  
 And sent a running Nag to Sea,  
 He could not else make so much way.  
 (f) Cannot I burn, or sink their Floats,  
 A louzie Fleet of rotten Boats !  
 Yes, I'm a Queen, to Sea my people ;  
 Let none remember he's a Cripple:  
 But run and row, sound and unsound,  
 And those you kill not, bring home bound  
 (g) But tarry goody Magistrate,  
 Your big Commands come now too late.  
 Poor *Dido*, Sorrow makes thee giddy,  
 They'r got to Sea five Leagues already.  
 (h) Queen thou art mortal, and must die  
 A Sacrifice to Lechery.

(i) *Non arma expedient ? totaque ex urbe sequentur ?*  
 —————  
 ite ;

*Ferte citi flammās, date vela, impellite remos.*

(g) *Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? quæ mentem insania mutat*  
*Infelix Dido !* —————

————— (h) *Nunc te facta impia tangunt ;*  
*Tum decuit, cum sceptrâ dabas.* —————



me was thou might'st have something done,  
t now farewell Dominion.

This was your huffing *Trojan* Captain,  
at his fair Mothers Smock was lapt in.

Twenty *Greeks*, this was the *Cob*,  
d brought his God's away in's Phob,

d through the fire a pick a pack,  
re the the old sinner on his back,

d-rid *Anchises*; this was he  
ade the brave Voyage o'r the Sea.

his was your trusty *Trojan*, this :  
ow he shews what a Man he is !

VVhilst he was here, why did I not  
at the false Rogues devouring throat ;

Or of his Bastard make a Pie,  
d being bak'd in paste of Rye, .

) Make the good Trencher-man, his nasty  
re, eat his Brat for Mutton Pasty !

Why did I not, e'r this disgrace,  
ill him, and all his treach'rous (n) race ?

—(i) *En dextra fidesque ;*

*em secum patrios aiunt portare Penates,*  
*em subiisse humeris confectum etate parentem,*

) *Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, & undis*  
*argere ?* —

—(l) *Non ipsum absumere ferro*  
*canium* —

—(m) *Patriisque epulandum apponere mensis ?*

—(n) *Natumque patremque*

*in genere extinxem ; memet super ipsa dedissem.*

I then had dy'd reveng'd, where I  
Shall now depart most sneakingly.

(o) Thou *Sol* who didst in pimping for  
Because thou wouldst not spoil our sport,  
Creep into Clouds, that rainy Weather:  
And you that brought young Folks together

(p) Procurests *Juno*, *Jove* and all  
Ye Members of *Olympus* Hall,  
I charge ye, as ye are Folks of fashion,  
Grant this my latest (q) Supplication.  
If nothing can this Rogue withstand,  
But that he must get safe to (r) Land,  
Let it be such a Land as he  
Had better far upon the Sea

With all his Comroques have been drown'd  
Than such a wretched place have found.  
May he, where he expects his Leases,  
Ne'r know what such a thing as Peace is;  
(s) But be drub'd daily back and side,  
Till his bones rattle in his Hide.

May he ne'r sleep an hour in quiet,  
But be disturb'd with rout and riot;

(o) *Sol*, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras;

(p) Tuque harum interpres curarum, & conscia *Juno*,  
*Nocturnisque Hecate*——

Et dira ultrices, &c.——

——(q) *Nostros audite preces*——

——(r) *Si tangere portus*

*Infandum caput, ac terris adnare necesse est.*

——(s) *Bello audacis populi vexatus, & armis,*  
*Finibus extorris*——

Quack be his days, and may his nights  
 Arm with hob-goblins, ghosts & sprights;  
 May Strangers daunt him with bravado's,  
 And Spirit's Son to the *Barbado's*;  
 May he at last fall worse than Sea-sick,  
 And find no Quack to give him Physick:  
 No help for mony, or for love found,  
 Let him lie and rot above ground.  
 May none give house-room to the Mungril;  
 Let him perish on some (x) Dunghil.  
 And when his treach'rous Soul's departed,  
 Let his foul Carcass be deserted,  
 Traytors Quarters Men expose  
 To Hogs and Dogs, and Kites and Crows.  
 (y) This my last pray'r is, hear it then,  
 Shall ne'r trouble you again.  
 And be't your care, ye *Tyrian* (z) Nation,  
 To plague this wicked Generation.  
 All 'um like Rats, that I may have  
 Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o're my Grave:

— (t) *Complexu avulsus Iuli*

as; ) *Auxilium imploret*

Juno. — (x) *Videatque suorum*

nera —

— *Mediæque inhumatus arena.*

) *Hæc precor; hæc vocem extremam — fundo.*

) *Tum vos O Tyrii, stirpem & genus omne futurum.*

*excetete odiis, cinerique hæc mittite nostro*

nera —

(a) And

(a) And may those Children that are yet  
To bear, and those that are to get,  
Torment them still by Land and Water,  
And still may those that follow after  
Hate worse and worse, that so it fall,  
The last may hate them worst of all.

(b) This said, she let a groan, and sigh  
A doleful sigh, that propheli'd  
The thred was spun, and that the *Parca*  
Would shortly cut it without mercy.

(c) In mind she weigh'd, as she sat crying,  
VWhat kind of Death was best to die in.  
Poyson she thought would not be quick,  
And which was worse, would make her sigh  
That being therefore way'd, she thought  
That neatly cutting her own throat,  
Might serve to do her business for her,  
But that she thought upon with horror,  
Because 'twould hurt her; neither cou'd  
She well endure to see her blood.

The next came in her thoughts was drown  
That way she thought 'twould be a done th  
Soon, and with some delight; for why  
Sorrow had made her Grace a dry.

———(a) *Pugnent ipsique nepotes;  
Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*

——— *Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera sunt.*

(b) *Hæc ait* ———

———(c) *Et partes animum versabat in omnes,  
Invisum quarens quamprimum abrumpere lucem.*

e yet but then again she fell a thinking,  
 t, she should be somewhat long a linking,  
 ater, having been ever light of members ;  
 and to dissuade her more, remembers,  
 all, I would spoil the cloaths might do some one  
 ll. credit, when she was dead and gone.  
 and sig In these mature deliberations,  
 e arc she lik'd none of these dying fashions :  
 . but looking up, and seeing the Rope  
 . Ty'd to the Beam i'th' Chamber top,  
 rying With neat alluring Noose, her sick Grace  
 e in. In long'd to wear it for a Necklace :  
 quick and in that Circle in Conclusion,  
 her sic he prick'd the point of resolution.  
 ough (d) But an old Woman being by her,  
 . one of her Chattels brought from Tyre,  
 r, an ancient heir-loom to the Queen,  
 ror, Cause she her husbands Nurse had been :  
 ou'd he meant to fend her first away,  
 own On sleeveless Errand (as we say )  
 ne th That she might have her swing alone,  
 hy To do her execution.  
 (e) Cicely (quoth she) go to my Sister,  
 did her tie up her head, and wish her  
 To wash her hands in bran or flower,  
 and do you in like manner scour

(d) *Tum breviter Barcen nutricem effata Sichæi.*

(e) *Annam chara mihi nutrix huc siste sororem :*

*hic corpus properet fluviali spargere lympha,*

*—Tuque ipsa pia tege tempora vitta.*

Your

Your dirty Golls; for I intend to  
 Make a good Cheest, and for a Friend too  
 O'th' Mornings Milk; let it be her care  
 To take the great brass Pan i'th' Larder,  
 And file the Milk into't: and hear ye,  
 Take you the large Cheese-Fat i'th' Dairy,  
 And scour it clean with Sand; bid *Jone*  
 Get on the Pot, that she may come too,  
 And when the Cheese is come, but break  
 And call; for I'll come help to make it.  
 (f) The hobling Trot leaps down the Stair  
 And now the desp'rate Queen prepares;  
 (g) Although her woful heart did pantle,  
 To make her self a sad Example.  
 (h) Towards the fatal string she moves  
 With tardy pace, as it behoves  
 Those who by *Nicholas* led astray,  
 Wilfully make themselves away.  
 When she came underneath the halter,  
 The colour in her face did alter;  
 Whilst down her cheeks round liquor row  
 As if her eyes had been at bowls.  
 First she beholds with trickling eyes,  
 (i) *Aeneas* his most dear disguise:

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(f) *Ille gradum studio celerabat anili.*

(g) *Et trepida— & pallida morte futura.*

(h) *Interiora domus irrumpit limina, & altos  
 Conscendit furibunda rogos* ———

——— *Paulum lacrymis & mente morata.*

(i) *Hic postquam Iliacas vestes, notumque cubile  
 Conspexit* ———



Book IV. *Travestie.*

143

And as the Trowſes ſhe ſurvey'd,  
 Reflecting how ſhe'ad been betray'd :  
 Sighing, cry'd out (*k*) Oh ! thou who wert  
 The joy and comfort of my heart,  
 Whil'ſt Casket to my deareſt Jewel;  
 But ſince the Fates have been ſo cruel,  
 My grief and ſhame, farewel for ever ;  
 And here I prophesie that never,  
 Whoever may hereafter wear thee,  
 Shall mortal *Bilbo* e'r come near thee.  
 Farewel, my lateſt leave I take,  
 And kiſs the Caſe for Ho-boys ſake.

Thus having ſaid, ſhe mounts the Table,  
 Becauſe though tall, ſhe was not able  
 To reach the halter that muſt tye  
 Her faſt to doleful Deſtiny :  
 And having, like too apt a Scholler,  
 Thruiſt her plump neck into the Coller,  
 'Tis, you know, the hanging faſhion,  
 ſhe thus began her laſt Oration :

(*l*) That I have liv'd, quoth ſhe, and how,  
 Doubt, (alas !) too many know ;  
 But that I now will dye, is known  
 To no one but my ſelf alone :  
 And if I Natures debt do pay,  
 And hang my ſelf before my day,  
 The cenſuring VWorld can ſay but this,  
 That I'm the better Pay-miſtriſs :

*) Dulces exu via, dum fata, Deusque finebant.*

*--Dixitque noviffima verba.*

*VIXI, & quem de deraſ curſum fortuna, peregi.*

K

And

And though I dye a death they say,  
 Makes Sufferers themselves bewray  
 And dye uncleanly Corps; yet I  
 Shall leave, although I purging dye,  
 And go out strong as Candle-snuff,  
 A fame shall savour sweet enough:

(m) For murder'd spouse I've made amends ye  
 As far as Stealing could revenge it,  
 And made *Pygmalion* that undid us,  
 Pay Sauce for making People Widows.  
 And at my proper cost and charges,  
 A Village built, which for its largeness,  
 (n) In a few Years, might well have grown  
 To be a pretty Market-Town,  
 Had not this *Trojan* Varlet come  
 T' undo what all my care had done.

Then going to turn off: (o) But must  
 I go, quoth she, and is it just,  
 I dye like Felon vile, or Traytor?  
 Sans vengeance on this Fornicator?

(p) And whil'st the Stallion proudly stalks it,  
 Must I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?  
 Yes dye, as 'twas foretold thee long since,  
 If but to trouble the Knaves conscience:

(m) *Urbem præclaram statui, mea mœnia vidi;  
 Ultra virum, pœnas inimico a fratre recepi.*

(n) *Felix, seu nimium felix, si littora tantum  
 Nunquam Dardanix tetigissent nostra carina!*

(o) *Sed moriamur ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

(p) *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto  
 Dardanus, & nostra secum ferat omnia morti.*

Then 'cause she would to part the sweeter,  
A portion have of *Hopkins* Meeter,  
As People use at Execution,  
For the *Decorum* of conclusion,  
Being too sad to sing, she says,

Which with a grace like his that pen'd it,  
To her great comfort, being ended,  
And Ceremonies now compleat,  
Proceeding to the final seat ;  
Thus, thus, (quoth she) to shades of night  
Go, and thus I take my flight.

(g) With that she from the Table swung,  
And happy 'twas the Rope was strong  
Enough, in such a swing to stop her,  
Her Grace might else have broke her Crupper:

(r) So have I seen in Forest tall,  
From friendly Cup the Acorn fall,  
And Bully tumble from the Tree,  
As ripe for hanging, down fell she.  
She caper'd twice or thrice most finely ;  
But th' Rope embrac'd her neck so kindly,  
Till at the last in mortal trance,  
She did conclude the dismal dance:

A yellow aromatick matter  
Dropt from her heels, commixt with Water,

(g) *Dixerat; atque illam media inter talia*

(r) *Non aliter quam si inmissis erat hostibus omnis*  
*Carthago.*

Which sinking through the Chamber-floor,  
 (s) Set all the house in sad uproar,  
 All at the first that they amis thought,  
 Was that her Grace had mist the Piss-pot ;  
 But when the stairs they had ascended,  
 And saw her Majesty suspended ;  
 The Servants frighted past their senses,  
 Tumbled o'r Buffets, Forms, and Benches,  
 And ran to all the near abidings,  
 With open cry to tell the tydings,  
 (t) Even like unto the dismal yowl,  
 When tristful Dogs at midnight howl ;  
 Or like the Dirges that through Nose  
 Hum out to daunt their Pagan Foes,  
 When holy Round-heads go to Battle,  
 With such a yell did Carthage rattle.  
 (u) At the first news poor Nancy skreeks,  
 And taring hair, and scratching cheeks,  
 Ran up the Stairs, and like a Fell-shrew,  
 Made all that stopt her feel her Elbow :  
 Till having jostled all opposers,  
 And thrust some twenty on their Noses ;

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——— (s) *It clamor ad alta*

*Atria ; concussam bacchatur fama per urbem,  
 (t) Lamentis, gemituque, & famineo ululatu  
 Testa fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus aether :  
 Non aliter quam si, &c.———*

*(u) Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursa  
 Anguibus ora feror sedans, & pectora pugnis,  
 Per medios ruit.———*

last the place she set her feet on,  
 here *Dido* hung to dry, or sweeten :  
 Was it for this, ah Sister, Sister,  
 that I was sent to Gaffer *Twister*,  
 to buy a Rope ! (y) Was this, quoth she,  
 our fine device to cozen me !  
 Would none a halter else prepare ye,  
 that I must be made accessory !  
 Why knew I not thy dire intent, as  
 still thy chiefest confident was :  
 What didst thou know, but kindly I,  
 might e'en have hang'd for company ?  
 But in thy ruine, I and all  
 thy people suffer, great and small.  
 And in this wilful Woman-slaughter,  
 Th'ast hang'd up *Cartbage* son and daughter  
 But stay, methinks I am not hasty,  
 To close those eyes that stare so gastly.  
 Which said, her Buttocks on the Board  
 she fofs'd, that all the Chamber roar'd ;

(x) Hoc illud germana fuit ?——

——(y) Me fraude petebas ?

Hoc rogas iste mihi, hoc ignes aræque parabant :

——(z) Comitemque sororem

previsti moriens ? eadem mea fata vocasses :

idem ambas ferro dolor, &c.

(a) Extincti te, meque, soror, populumque, patresque

idonios, urbemque tuam ; date vulnera lymphis,

(b) Abluam——

——(c) Sic fata, gradus evaserat alias,

And

And being active Lafs and light,  
At one jump more stood bolt upright.

(d) Thrice in her arms did *Nanoy* catch her,  
Thrice thumpt her bosome to dispatch her.  
And thrice her latest breath did roar,  
In hollow sound at Postern-door.

(e) Then *Juno* who had ever been  
As 'twere sworn Sister to the Queen:  
Hearing the lamentable crys  
That from her Village pierc'd the Skies;  
Down towards *Carthage* bent her looks,  
Where seeing all things off the hooks,  
And *Dido* in unseemly sort

Hang dangling there, being sorry for't,  
(f) And loth a Queen in hempen tackle,  
Should to *Plebeians* be spectacle;  
She call'd a little Emiffary,  
That us'd her Embassies to carry,  
One Mistress *Iris*: a main pretty  
Nimble House-wife, and a witty,  
One that if bidden once, would do't,  
And had the length of *Juno's* foot  
So right, that for her parts and feature,  
She was become her Mistress creature.

---

(d) *Semi animemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat  
Cum gemitu, &c.*———

*Ter sese attollens*———

*Ter revoluta toro est*———

(e) *Tum Juno*———

——— (f) *longum miserata dolorem*



This Girl was born (as Poets hints to's)  
At a small Hamlet near *Olympus*.  
And though by birth a Dyers daughter,  
Yet had her Friends full well up brought her,  
And because *Juno* gave great Wages,  
Prefer'd her thither for a Pages.

Her *Juno* call'd away from Starching,  
And big with tears, bid her be marching,  
(g) Put on her Wings, and swiftly clip it,  
To cut down *Dido* from the Gibbet.

*Iris* when young, had learnt to flie  
As Youth is full of Wagery)  
Of a tame Jack-daw that she had,  
And for her journeys, lately made  
Fine party-colour'd Wings to flie in,  
No worse than of her Fathers Dying;  
Who knowing that his Daughter was  
To be prefer'd to such a place,  
And what she must b' employ'd about,  
Had spar'd no cost to set her out.

(b) At the command of Heavens Goddess,  
She ties these Wings fast to her Bodice,  
Which waving, did adorn the Skie,  
With all the fair variety  
Of Colours that the Rainbow shows,  
When clad in her most gaudy Cloaths.

---

(g) *Irim demisit Olympo,  
Qua luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus.  
(h) Ergo Iris croceis per cælum roscida pennis,  
Mille trabens varios adverso sole colores,  
Devolat.*

Full swift she flew, till coming near  
*Carthage*, she made a Chancelleer,  
 And then a stoop, when having spy'd  
 Queen *Dido's* Window staring wide :  
 (Set open you may well presume,  
 (As there was cause) to air the room.  
 She nimbly, to all Folks amazement,  
 Whips like a Swallow through the Casement.  
 (i) O'r *Dido's* head she took her stand,  
 And cry'd, whil'st flourishing a Brand,  
 Sent down from *Juno* Queen come I,  
 Epilogue to this Tragœdy ;  
 And thus, O *Dido*, let thee loose,  
 From twitch of suffocating noose.  
 (k) Which said, and tossing high her Blade  
 With great dexterity, the Maid,  
 (l) O wonderful ! even at one side-blow  
 Spoil'd a good Rope, and down dropt *Dido*.

---

(i) *Et supra caput astitit. Hunc ego Diti  
 Sacrum iussa fero, seque isto corpore solvo.*

(k) *Sic ait----*

----- (l) *Et dextra crinem secas : omnis & una  
 Dilapsus calor, atque inventos vitta recessit.*

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FINIS.



IV

ment.

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lo.